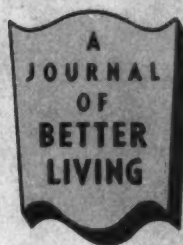


LISTEN



Nancy Anne Fleming
MISS AMERICA, 1961



Costly for California

Alcoholism is costing California a minimum of \$150,000,000 a year, according to a legislative subcommittee headed by Assemblyman Glenn Coolidge. This total includes the cost of arrests and jail maintenance, mental and prison care, aid programs, and absenteeism in business and industry.

And this subcommittee says the problem is getting worse, particularly among youth. San Francisco and Sacramento rank first and second, respectively, among cities in the nation in rates of alcoholism.

Beer Beginning

Authorities generally concede that beer was first produced in Babylon around 4000 B.C. The brew was called "hekit," and it was made from barley and water, with pieces of bread being used to cause fermentation.

Significant Seven

The biggest holiday menaces on the road, according to the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators, are the speeder, the drinker, the sleeper, the weaver, the highway hog, the road bum, and the blinder.

Drinkers in Iowa

More than 258,000 Iowans are "heavy drinkers," a State Department of Health survey has stated. The survey considered as a heavy drinker anyone who "takes three or more drinks at a single sitting more than once a week."

More Drinking, More Taxes

In 1933 the total Federal, state, and local revenue from distilled spirits alone was \$25,600,000. Last year's figure was \$2,979,134,000. However, the costs resulting from beverage alcohol average at least three or four times as much as taxes received from all such beverages.

Unnecessary Expense

Every year crime costs taxpayers in the United States \$20,000,000,000, or between \$400 and \$500 for every family.

Public Pays the Bill

Thirty-eight states and the District of Columbia now provide government-financed services covering educational or research work on alcoholism, or both. Twenty-four of these have service for rehabilitation of the alcoholics. A current directory of outpatient clinics for alcoholics lists 113.

Mistaken Identity

A jury in Spartanburg, South Carolina, lost no time in deciding the guilt of a man in a drunken driving case re-

cently. The jury gave its guilty verdict after witnesses testified the driver had staggered from his car and up to a dead cow, killed when struck by his vehicle, and remarked in slurred tones: "This man seems to be hurt pretty bad. We better get him to a hospital."

Metrecal Cocktail?

For weight-conscious people who drink their lunches, a Chicago restaurant has announced that even Metrecal is now being used in cocktail form, which is nothing more than the liquid diet formula spiked with rum.

Alcoholic Beverage Consumption

YEAR	DISTILLED SPIRITS	MALT LIQUORS	WINES
1950	1.02	17.26	0.93
1951	1.23	16.97	0.87
1952	1.00	16.94	0.85
1953	1.10	16.79	0.90
1954	1.12	16.68	0.86
1955	1.07	16.13	0.89
1956	1.13	16.04	0.89
1957	1.17	15.54	0.89
1958	1.12	15.22	0.89
1959	1.14	15.28	0.89

This table indicates the apparent annual per capita consumption of alcoholic beverages during the years listed. The figures are in gallons and are taken from the 1960 "Statistical Abstract of the United States."

Lauderdale Lapse

Usually present where there is trouble, beer once again played a prominent part in the Fort Lauderdale, Florida, college-student riots last spring when thousands of college students spring-vacationed at the resort area popularly known as "Where the Boys Are." At one count 379 students had been arrested, most of them on charges ranging from public intoxication and disorderly conduct to traffic violations.

A number of students were injured by flying glass from broken beer bottles. But this all was explained by the newspapers, which uniformly stated that "alcohol is king here."

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1961
Vol. 14, No. 5

OUR COVER

There are many beauty contests these days to select a queen to represent anything under the sun, but most of these can be passed off as merely local promotional stunts.

However, Miss America, chosen only after exhaustive and carefully conducted competition on a local, state, and national basis, probably represents the most desirable and attractive traits in modern young womanhood.

"Listen's" photo of Nancy Anne Fleming is by courtesy of the Miss America Pageant.

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ONLY HALF DONE

No job is well done until it is all done. In no field of endeavor is this more true than in dealing with the problems arising out of the use of beverage alcohol, especially those relating to road traffic.

A specific case in point is the National Conference on Alcohol and Traffic Safety held in Pittsburgh this past spring. This conference was like a new Cadillac with no steering wheel. It had a top-notch engine, but the steering mechanism was missing. The result was that the conference circled most of the problems it found, and subsequently finalized on few points, significant or otherwise.

Briefly, 175 top representatives of the medical, health, educational, and law-enforcement professions came together to consider the relationship of alcohol consumption to traffic accidents. Conclusions reached on solution of the problem: None! "I have no sense of any answer or solution to the problem," said Dr. Paul Joliet, M.D., deputy chief, Division of Accident Prevention, Public Health Service, who was chairman of the meeting.

The two-and-a-half-day session, sponsored by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, included presentation of highly scientific papers for the first day and a half. After the first several speeches, we were ready to stuff our notebook and pencil back into our suitcase and go home. Fortunately, at the committee we were sitting in (the committees were charged to discuss the papers) there was general agreement that although the speakers may have known what they were talking about, certainly most of their audience did not. Said one disgruntled committeeman, "A complete waste of time."

The next day we felt somewhat better. One speaker, Professor R. F. Borkenstein, chairman of the department of police administration of Indiana University, stated: "Probably the greatest stumbling block to the really successful attack on the drinking driver is public attitude." Professor Borkenstein noted that although "the public deplored the offense [drinking driving]," yet its sympathy is with the individual who commits the offense. "This creates a bond between the defendant and the jury in a drunken-driving case that is hard to break," he emphasized.

Donald Cahalan, head of one of the nation's major survey organizations, recommended that one of the best ways of educating the public on the dangers of drinking and driving is to concentrate on teen-agers. So the speeches went on.

Meanwhile, back in the committees, several were trying to form some unanimity of opinion. But before the vehicle could get in motion, someone apparently leaked to the chairman that the committees were coming up with some possible solutions to the problem, perhaps to be brought up before

the entire session. Before the committees next met, the chairman locked the steering wheel. He informed the learned men that they could exchange their ideas as much as they wished, but they were not to reach any conclusions. His instructions were carried out adequately.

During the plenary session on the last day, Dr. Albert Chapman, assistant surgeon general and chief of the Division of Accident Prevention, was among those who asked questions from the floor in an effort to reach some conclusions. These questions were addressed to a panel consisting of the conference lecturers. Speaking of a broad educational program for the public, Dr. Chapman asked, "Can we say that as one drinks, his driving ability deteriorates?"

Replied Researcher Kurt Dubowski: "I'm qualified to talk to researchers, but I plainly do not know how to impart this information in simple form. I wish I did." Probably this was the most pitiful and most frank answer to come out of the conference, sponsored by the taxes of John Q. Public. Perhaps we had better investigate the plausibility of our higher education research methods, if they make men capable of only polysyllabic expression.

But as Chairman Joliet clearly stated: "Many of the questions asked we had no intention of answering. This was not an action conference."

In his summation, Chairman Joliet stated he had heard nothing that could be told the public about alcohol and whether they might safely drink and drive. Perhaps the rather numerous private cocktail parties, which flourished during the evening hours, reflected the personal motives of some delegates not to reach definite conclusions.

Dr. Chapman, much to his credit, endeavored several times to get a statement from the panel. "Would you advise an unmarried woman to get only slightly pregnant?" he asked. "Should we not draw national attention to the deterioration alcohol causes in driving?" Everyone chuckled. The learned men on the platform said nothing.

Since it seems generally agreed that nothing much besides presentation of scientific ideas and information took place at the National Conference, we would urge that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare now sponsor an "action" conference on alcohol and traffic safety as soon as possible. As it presently stands, the job is only half done.

We further urge that the leaders of this conference be charged with reaching certain conclusions or resolutions, which can be presented to the public. If the public taxpayer is to support these conferences, he certainly has every right to expect a few sensible resolutions, or conclusions, so that he may be advised whether or not it is wise to drink and drive.

It may not be the purpose of such conferences to promote a legislative program, but talented men should not come together to discuss a problem pertinent to the public unless they can accept the charge of disseminating some practical conclusions that will be profitable. The job should be well done if done at all.

Mike A. Jones

THE "ALMOST" WINNER CAN WIN YET



Stewart V. Pahl

IN A golf match which was worth thousands to the winner, Chandler Harper waited confidently. He had all but won. Lew Worsham lay 135 yards from the eighteenth hole, too far to hole out with a single shot.

That was August 9, 1953, at the Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Chicago. A marker on the fairway there now commemorates the fact that Lew made the shot!

In an instant the certain winner became the almost winner, and the certain loser became the winner.

In anybody's book, that kind of losing experience is hard to take. This does not imply Harper couldn't take it; it does indicate that there are similar experiences in life which some persons meet with this excuse: "It drove me to drink."

Whatever the "it" may be, the tippler is kidding himself.

Admittedly, it is devastating to have an "almost" experience—to feel success within one's grasp, only to see it slither away. Can anyone except Richard Nixon know how Nixon felt when he won the election—almost? Not everyone flees to drink, or drugs, after such a blow. There are many besides Presidential candidates who do not.

Bob Hagen is an unassuming man who tells his story without bitterness or recriminations.

"I succeeded—almost—in marketing a good fishing lure that I had designed," Bob explains. "My pictures of bass, walleyes, pike, and muskies that I caught with it are evidence enough for myself that it would attract the whoppers. Fishermen, however, did not bite."

"In 1958 I made my last stand: I traveled 22,000 miles in three and a half months, then gave up. The lure sold to quite a number of outdoorsmen, but not to enough."

As any Olympic athlete can testify, almost succeeding does not pay well. The difference between the rewards of the winner and the almost winner is great; the difference between their abilities is small. Our educational system, our workaday world, our social evaluations do not prepare us for this fact of life. We are not conditioned to accept almost winning.

In confronting the problems raised by this entire subject, contestants can do various things to help both themselves and others. Among such things are these six:

1. *We can look at the picture as a whole.*

"I was ready to die twenty-seven years ago," an employee of a large corporation confides, "when I was almost appointed head of the division in which I work. I felt sorry for myself, mad at the world. I began hitting the 'forgettery' medicine, and matters went from worse to impossible."

"At last I was fired. Nothing like it had ever happened to me before, so I began to take stock of myself—slowly."

"I took an almost menial job with another company and began a tedious uphill climb again. After several years my favorite firm hired me back. The important thing I had to learn was to see myself with more perspective. Now I am not sure that, had I been appointed division manager, it would have been the best thing for me or for the company."

This man achieved in adulthood what might better have been learned in youth: to think in terms of factors besides one's own ambitions and desires.

2. *We can act toward improvement.*

Anyone in a position of leadership, in sports, the arts, business, education, politics, can use direct influence toward bettering the lot of those who almost win.

The rest of us can write letters, persuade, and keep prodding.

(Turn to page 27.)

Typical of thousands of bustling businessmen across the nation, Delmas P. Wood, Jr., has his office in his own home . . .



. . . where he is interviewed by "Listen" . . .

. . . and is aided in his business by his secretarial wife, Joan, and prodded by four alert, nimble youngsters.



A local Jaycee president is promoted instead of impeached when he insists that his club has—

No Funds for **COCKTAILS**

Interview by Sue Ellen Baker

IF ONE present-day activity among business and professional groups could be termed typical, probably it would be the featuring of cocktails at social functions. And, speaking on a general basis, the National Junior Chamber of Commerce is no exception to this trend. However, there are exceptions in individual or personal instances, one of whom is Delmas Wood, Jr.

Withstanding impeachment by his local chapter of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, President Delmas Wood, Jr., objected to the spending of chapter funds for a cocktail party for the club members in Brookville, Maryland—and he won. From president of the Mid-Montgomery County Junior Chamber of Commerce, Delmas Wood was later promoted to Maryland State director.

The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce is made up of local chapters comprised of young business and professional men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. The primary purpose of this club is to fulfill civic responsibilities. Since Henry Giessenbier, Jr., a Saint Louis bank clerk, organized the first chapter in 1915, the Jaycees have grown to a membership of more than 200,000, and have active chapters in 3,600 communities throughout the United States—and are still growing.

The Mid-Montgomery County Jaycees, as do all similar groups across the country, undertake various community projects, some large, some small, such as helping in general hospitals' projects and sponsoring children's Christmas shopping tours. The latter is sponsored on behalf of the more unfortunate children of the community, who are given the opportunity to purchase Christmas presents for people other than themselves. Another noteworthy project is the teen-age rodeo, undertaken to promote safe driving among junior citizens. Yet another is the house-building project under way in the community of Olney. Here the Jaycees are erecting a home for a family that was burned out some time ago. Also, there is the "Speak-Up Jaycee" project designed to help the members in their public-speaking ability.

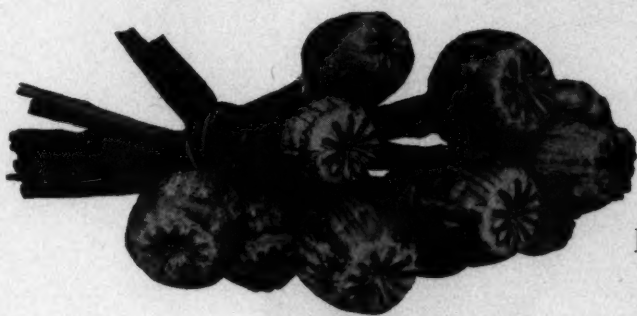
Delmas has been a Jaycee for three years. While he was president, he was confronted with the problem of cocktail parties. The club members had never served drinks at their regular meetings, but Christmas, 1959, they passed a motion to have a cocktail party, using funds from the chapter treasury. Some members were not sure they had done right. After the meeting, they individually told Delmas that they were sorry they had voted as they did.

He goes on to tell the story:

"Realizing that these members had voted as a result of group pressure, and not as they individually believed, I had an idea. Calling the state vice-president and talking the problem over with him, I decided to have one member who had voted in favor of the party rescind the motion that was formerly passed. Members who were in favor of having the party learned this, were angry, and threats of my impeachment were (Turn to page 30.)

Significant indeed is China's past struggle with opium, when today communist China is the source of so much of the world's supply of illegal, smuggled drugs of death.

The War That Was Never Won



Herbert P. Ford

Poppy pods such as these are the source of drugs which have brought misery to millions of people in all parts of the world.

BONE-TIRED from the twelve-hour stint of splashing, skidding, and slipping up and down the rugged mountain trail in a chilly drizzle, the stoop-shouldered coolie collapsed in a soaked heap onto the brick k'ang. His skimpy rice and bean-curd supper had done nothing to relieve the numbness and utter weariness of the day's tormenting work.

He curled up on the mat-covered k'ang, pulled into the shivering circle of his bony hand the tiny lamp, rolled the black bead, and began to suck the thick smoke. Gradually the weariness, cold, and exhaustion changed into a vision of supreme joy.

In another place a hopeless-looking woman, her feet bound into misshapen knots of flesh and bone, looked toward the field in which the white-faced blossoms flowered full in the Oriental sun. Harvesttime had begun. That night when her husband returned home from work, he found her, head cradled close to her body, curled like a kitten, dead.

These are typical of the multiplied terrible tableaux of China when the nineteenth century began. At that time, as many nations of earth began to emerge into powerful stature with the new century, gigantic China continued to slumber. Each of her pitiful human pictures had a common source: opium!

The tragic picture of a nation knocked on its back by a powerful narcotic was evident from one end of China's great sweep of land to the other. In the cities of Szechwan Province half of the men and a fifth of the women smoked opium. Three out of every four men in Kansu were smokers. In some western Shensi districts nine tenths of all women above forty smoked the pipe, and in Yunnan one of the prime inquiries in matrimonial negotiations was, "How many opium pipes are there in the family?" The number of pipes was a yardstick to financial standing.

Between 1773 and 1906 the cost of imported Indian opium to China ran to more than \$2,000,000,000. Cost estimates on opium grown within the country were never attempted. At the height of the nation's freewheeling opium orgy, an estimated 22,000 tons of the drug were smoked annually by at least 25,000,000 smokers. In some parts of the country opium was so cheap and plentiful that a major proportion of the adult population and many youngsters became addicted.

Before China was to see opium brought under any semblance of control its people had to pay a bloody price in both lives (Turn to page 31.)

Blocks of morphine intercepted by police in Hong Kong, being smuggled through that port to many areas in other countries.



Hollowed-out sections of old magazines furnish a convenient place in which to hide cellophane packages containing refined heroin smuggled into San Francisco from China.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall" here reflects the fairest of them all—

Miss America, 1961.



Miss America has some definite convictions,
and specific plans for the future, as she
comes to the end of her

Year in the Public Eye

Nancy, here enthroned at
Cypress Gardens, Florida, as an hon-
orary lifeguard, spent last
summer watching over swimmers in her home state of Michigan.





NANCY ANNE FLEMING, an aspiring writer with such domestic interests as cooking and sewing, concludes her reign as the 1961 Miss America this month—and she is happy to do so!

"Don't misunderstand me, for I've loved every minute of my reign," says the lovely miss from Montague, Michigan. "It is simply that I have had so many thrilling experiences, met so many really fine people, and have seen so much of this wonderful country of ours that it will take all the idle moments of the rest of my life just to mull them over and really enjoy them."

Nancy, who enrolls at Michigan State University this fall, says she plans to major in home economics and journalism, with the purpose of writing home economics scripts for television, or magazine articles in the same field. At nineteen Nancy is the oldest of six children. Swimming is her favorite sport, and reading, cooking, and sewing make up her favorite hobbies. Her mother, Mrs. Robert Fleming, points out that Nancy "is a whiz at both cooking and sewing, if you will pardon a little maternal pride."

What circumstances led to Nancy's entry in the Miss America Contest? "My mother still is being teased about walking into the faculty room where she teaches and announcing my entrance in the local contest as the joke of the year," says Nancy. "Actually, I entered at practically the last minute and just for fun. It was a happy chain of circumstances that led to the crown."

"Speaking seriously," she continues, "this year hasn't changed my plans. I'm going to keep it in mind as a lovely interlude, a year when a dream you scarcely dare to dream came true anyway."

When she was taking competitive scholarship examinations, working in the drugstore after school and on weekends, and doing lifeguard duty summers at the local beach, Nancy's ambition was to attend M.S.U. and major in home economics and journalism. "And it still is," she asserts. "The scholarship I won at Atlantic City is just going to make it easier."

Nancy considers herself a small-town girl who still thinks that marriage and a home and family make up the most rewarding career for a woman. She also thinks that this is an exacting career, and the better she is trained for it, the more successful she is likely to be. In one respect Nancy is

"At the precise moment the crown is placed on your head," says Nancy Anne Fleming, 1961 Miss America, "you acquire a kind of wonderful responsibility to all the pig-tailed, snub-nosed little girls in America. To them, you personify all that is beautiful and good in American womanhood."

well prepared because of her high ideals of living. She neither smokes nor drinks.

Has her glimpse of these habit-forming practices in the social whirl ever tempted her? "Not one bit," she replies with a grin. "I owe my title to well-scrubbed white teeth, and I wouldn't dream of staining my only really good feature with cigarette smoke. Vanity aside, smoking just never appealed to me. It is expensive and I have better places for my money to go."

As a lifeguard, Nancy says she felt a real responsibility of setting a good example for the children she guarded, noting that smoking is well known for shortening one's wind and weakening the stamina. "I try not to be stuffy about my convictions, but on my college housing questionnaire I did say that I would rather room with girls who do not smoke."

"As for drinking, I think there is nothing quite so pathetic as a teen-ager who thinks he must drink to gain recognition as an adult," says Nancy. "Actually, he is proving how inadequate he is to face the problems and decisions of a mature person. From my observation, it is a relatively small group in every school who drink. Young people who know where they are going and intend to get there are not tempted."

Has she ever had any embarrassing situations because of her convictions?

"Because of my age, I've never had any embarrassing moments concerning abstinence," she answers. "I smile and say, 'I'm just a baby. Could I have a soft drink, please?' Most people are considerate, and respect your wishes. I suspect they even secretly admire you for them."

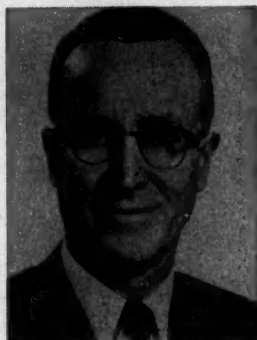
Teen-agers and parents alike might be interested in knowing that the Miss America Pageant Committee does not condone either smoking or drinking, Nancy points out. She states that it was a real comfort to her parents to learn that Miss America is never permitted to make an appearance where alcohol is sold. If a dinner is given in her honor with a cocktail hour beforehand, Mrs. Margaret O'Neil, her official chaperone, checks carefully on the time, and Miss America arrives just in time to greet everyone and then go to dinner.

"The Miss America Pageant rules are that no contestant can smoke or drink during the week in Atlantic City," she asserts. "The girls are so carefully guarded that they are not permitted to speak to any man, not even their own fathers, without their Atlantic City hostesses being present. Miss Lenora Slaughter, the executive director of the pageant, has worked hard to build it into a search for the all-American girl, with emphasis on healthful living, good morals, and creativity rather than mere outer beauty of face and form."

"Besides that," Nancy continues, "at the precise moment the crown is placed on your head, you acquire a kind of wonderful responsibility to all the pig-tailed, snub-nosed little girls in America. To them, you personify all that is beautiful and good in American womanhood. Certainly, no one could disappoint them."

So Nancy Anne Fleming, Miss America for 1961, continues to improve her education as she prepares to enter college. After all, she notes, "one year in the public eye is enough for any woman."

ALCOHOL in



Theodore R. Flaiz, M.D.

IF ONE looks into the history of any racial or cultural group, he finds alcohol in that story as far back as the record goes. Alcohol is found among the highest, most cultured peoples of the world, and among the lowest of the low. For instance, in the Ituri regions of Central Africa, the Pygmies make a powerful drink from bananas. In India some of the mountain tribes use the stem of a certain flower that blooms in the spring of the year. The flower drops off, but the stem stays on and begins to swell, becoming something comparable to a raisin. These primitive mountain people gather this delicious fruit, but instead of using it as a good food, they dump it into clay pots and let it ferment, obtaining a strong alcoholic beverage.

Indeed, people make an intoxicant from anything that has a carbohydrate radical for the alcohol. They make it from fruit, bananas, grapes, cereals, and root vegetables. But it should be remembered that alcohol has the same effect upon the user wherever or however it is processed.

It is well to have the background of beverage alcohol in mind, for it has played a large part in the history of the human race. Alcohol has changed the history of the world. It



DRAWINGS BY
JAMES CONVERSE



ALCOHOL CONSUMED

BLOOD CONCENTRATION

SYMPTOMS

CONDITION OF DRINKER

AREA AFFECTED

2-3 ounces of whisky, or 4 twelve-ounce bottles of beer (not an unusual amount to be imbibed at one time)

.01-.1%

Depression of centers of inhibition, impairment of judgment, loss of tact and discretion.

"Delighted and devilish"



Frontal Lobe

5-6 ounces of whisky or 8 bottles of beer

.1%

Depression of motor and sensory areas. Drinker begins to stagger, has poor co-ordination, fumbles with keys, shows telltale thickness of speech. Has feeling of stimulation, but this is false, since his inhibitions and judgment are impaired.

"Delinquent and disgusting"



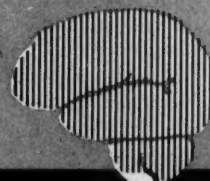
Motor Sensory Cortex

10 ounces of whisky or 4 quarts of beer

.2%

Disturbing of entire motor area controlling emotions and behavior. Drinker needs help walking or removing clothing, is extremely emotional.

"Delirious and dizzy"



All Motor Areas

the BODY

stopped Alexander the Great. We do not know how far he could have gone as a young man except for alcohol. Probably, however, he would not have contributed much to the peace of the world.

In our own times we know that statesmen have betrayed vital trusts while they were under the influence of alcohol. Part of the political confusion of today is traceable directly to the drinks consumed before and during the conferences held in connection with World War II. This fact is generally and widely recognized. Furthermore, alcohol today affects the statesmanship of our representatives around the world.

Alcohol-clouded minds cannot think clearly concerning the tremendous problems of today's world. Unfortunately, the enemies of the freedom-loving portions of the world oftentimes are aware of this more than our own statesmen, and are taking advantage of our weakness in this regard. These are elements not to be forgotten in this whole question of the significance of alcohol in our modern culture.

For an understanding of these effects of drinking on human conduct, it is necessary to know how alcohol reacts in the body and on the mind.

Because of our rapid-paced and complex modern life, the effect of drinking on a human being has become more significant.

(First of two articles)

(Turn to page 32.)

Theodore R. Flaiz, M.D.



1 pint of whisky or 6 quarts of beer

1½ pints of whisky or 9 quarts of beer

1 quart of whisky

.3%

.4%-5%

Above .5%

Depression of deeper centers of brain. Drinker becomes stuporous, has no sense of what is going on around him, is totally helpless.

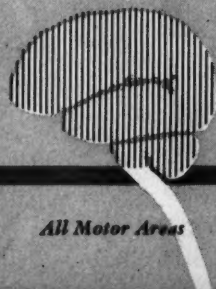
Suppression of whole perceptive areas of brain and deep centers, resulting in coma.

Death by paralysis of respiratory and cardiac centers.

"Dazed and dejected"

"Dead drunk"

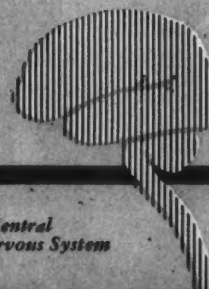
"Dead"



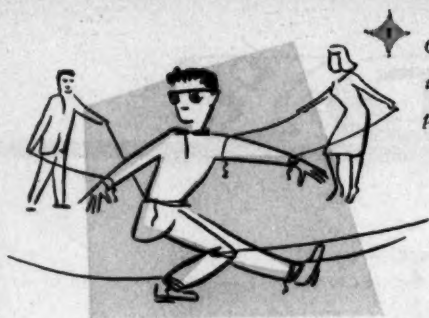
All Motor Areas



Entire Central Nervous System



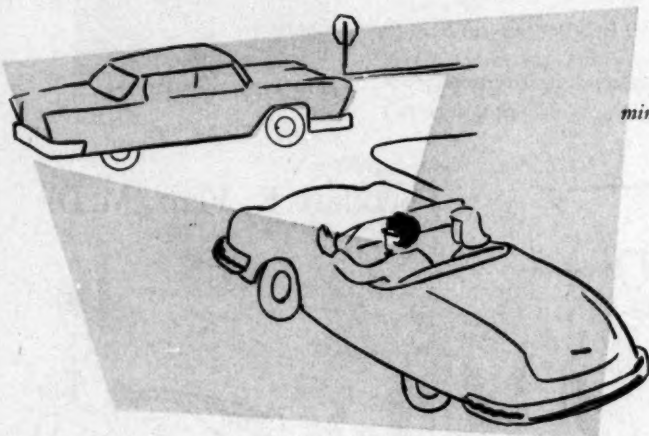
Entire Central Nervous System



Charlie tries to do a good job, but his work is demanding. To get along with his fellow workers, impress his boss, and keep Jane happy, make him feel that sometimes he is being pulled apart.



He may have an impulse to let off steam when he gets behind the wheel, but his better judgment controls it. On his way to a party Charlie watches the stop lights and obeys all the traffic signs, as any careful driver does.



At a busy intersection, a careless driver speeds through a stop sign, but Charlie's natural wide vision and alert mind enable him to stop in time to prevent a terrible accident.

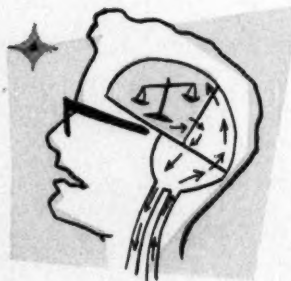


At the party Charlie takes a few cocktails. These make him feel warm, relaxed, and less shy. He becomes more talkative, but actually his reflexes and sensations are dulled. Alcohol is not a stimulant; it is a depressant.

The alcohol which Charlie drinks is absorbed unchanged through the walls of his digestive tract and into his blood, which then carries it to all parts of his body. The alcohol acts directly on the brain to disturb its normal ability, giving a feeling of relaxation.

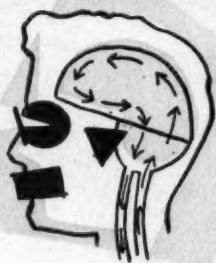


Even small amounts of alcohol tend to deaden the judgment centers of the brain, removing inhibitions. A false sense of well-being may make Charlie an overconfident, careless driver. He is in no condition to drive now.



CHARLIE'S





As Charlie continues to drink, he reaches the next stage of impairment: muscle control poor, speech slurred, hearing dulled, legs wobbling, seeing ability narrowed to tunnel vision. He should not drive.

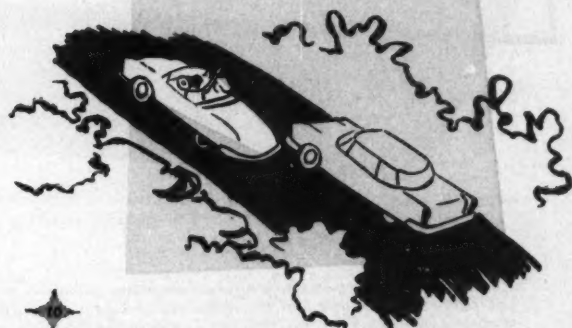


"Perhaps a hot drink will sober you up," says Jane, unaware that once alcohol is in Charlie's blood absolutely nothing but time will sober him up. Alcohol is eliminated

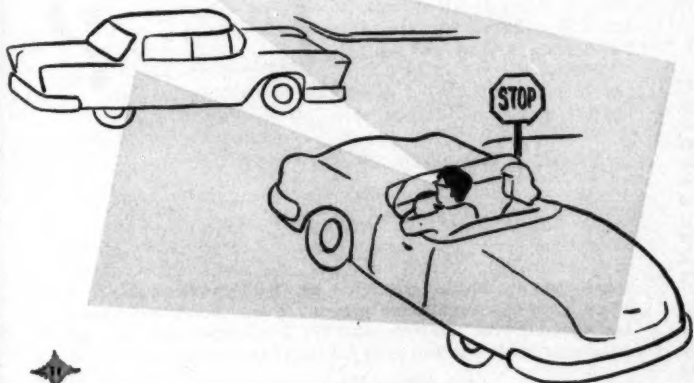
from the body of an average person (150 pounds) at the rate of about $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of whisky per hour (a little less than $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of alcohol). Nothing can speed up this process.



"Let's go home," Jane urges. Charlie finds it hard to fit the key in the ignition switch and start the new car, but alcohol has given him a false feeling of confidence. "Nobody is going to push me around tonight," thinks Charlie.

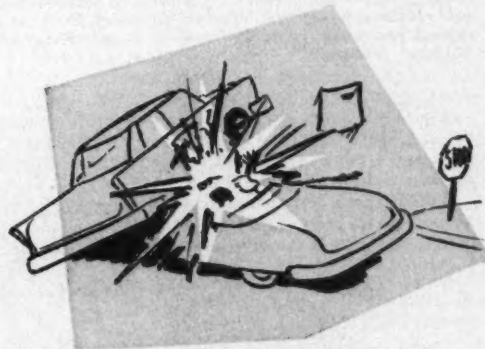


Charlie loves to feel the car respond. "An inch is as good as a mile," says gaily, as he barely misses a car which he is passing. Alcohol has dulled his normally good judgment. The siren of a police car sounds behind him. "Stop my fun, will he? I'll show him! Hold onto your hat, Jane."



Charlie presses the accelerator to the floor. Another car is approaching the intersection from the side, but Charlie does not realize it, for alcohol has reduced his peripheral vision, that is, his capacity to see out of the corners of his eyes.

Suddenly Charlie realizes that the other car is directly ahead. Panic sweeps over him. With reactions slowed from drinking, he cannot put his foot on the brake in time. A split second seems an eternity.



CRASH!
CHARLIE'S PARTY
IS OVER!

PARTY

Adapted from a brochure
by the Department of
Mental Health, State of
Connecticut

WHAT CAN A NON-DRINKER DO AT A COCKTAIL PARTY?

Jerry, a young nondrinking businessman, attended a cocktail party at the request of his superiors. Faced with a decision that would not offend his boss, or compromise his own principle, he went into the bar, got a soft drink, and carried his glass around, "fooling the public." In other words, he nursed along a plain drink that looked like the real thing, and was as sociable as the next person, but did not suffer hang-over the next morning.

In its second issue this year "Listen" featured this story by Ed Shannon under the title "What Can a Nondrinker Do at a Cocktail Party?" with the intent of securing reader reaction to the story and the suggested solution to the question.

Reaction was quick and plentiful in coming, with a ratio of twelve readers disagreeing vigorously to this solution to every one reader who agreed. On this page and the next we feature typical reactions from our readers to this discussion-arousing "Listen" feature.

First I will say that I greatly admired the two young men who did not "drink" at the country club with other bank employees. However, I admit I was disappointed in that they appeared as drinkers along with all the crowd.

I doubt that if Jerry had stood for principle, in a courteous way, he would have been discharged. I believe his employer, should he need a man for a responsible position, would choose Jerry for such a position.

MRS. CLAUDE C. FENTIN, *Outlook, Washington.*

To let any person think that you had been drinking is just as bad as if you had taken the drink.

My husband was in the Navy aboard an aircraft carrier during World War II. So many of the men on that ship drank in excess, and many drank seemingly to forget the constant danger that they were in. My husband, a nonsmoker and nondrinker, was given the nickname "Coke" by the men. He was aboard the ship for twenty-seven months, and none of the men ever saw him with a cigarette in his mouth or a drink in his hand, yet he was well liked and fully respected by all the men. Whenever they seemed to need a special friend, they didn't go to one of their drinking friends, but

sought him out, because they knew he would be sober and able to listen. Their nickname "Coke" was one of endearment and respect, not anything else. Anyone who has a principle and does not stand on it with both feet need not have it in the first place.

MRS. ROBERT MASON, *Balfour, North Carolina.*

When offered a drink by the host or whoever is serving the drinks, a person should say that he does not drink, but that he would like a soft drink, lemonade, or whatever is available.

If his drink does not look like the alcoholic beverages being served, so much the better—he will not even be tempted, then, to pretend something that is not so. If an alcoholic drink is forced upon him, as will sometimes happen, he should accept it to avoid unpleasantness, then as soon as is practicable, set the glass down with no pretense of drinking from it. In this case, it is likely that someone will soon notice, learn why he does not have a glass, and supply him with the soft drink he requested at first.

This course of action may seem foolhardy or frightening to young people, many of whom are particularly sensitive to others' opinions of them, but after the first few times of openly upholding beliefs, it becomes surprisingly easy.

LILLIAN R. DONATO, *Pueblo, Colorado.*

I think it shameful that one must walk around all evening with a full glass in his hand in order to be on the right side of the boss and his workers.

The answer should be truthful, forward, but polite, that one is

a nondrinker. Talk fairly, intelligently, giving a reason, for someone will surely ask as to why. Business mustn't be dependent upon what you drink. Perhaps I am a simple fool, but fairness in all dealing would lead to greater rewards. An honest eight-hour day of work is far better than a night of drinking to promote business.

R. A. SPELLER, *APO, San Francisco, California.*

There is no question but that Ed Shannon has the right plan for a cocktail party. I am a member of A.A. I know how the view is from both sides of the fence.

LOWELL WILKIN, *Greenfield, Ohio.*

How anyone who claims to know the results of alcohol, and has decided in his own mind that he will not contaminate himself with it, and then fools people into thinking he is "partaking," and that this is the answer, is beyond me! This could never be the answer for one who is trying to help those about him see the results of alcohol's use. One with no backbone, no scruples as to what the others would think, could probably get along fine.

ELWOOD JOHNSON, *Saint Paul, Minnesota.*

I disagree wholeheartedly with it. I firmly believe that if one has standards, one should not be afraid of standing up for them. This does not have to be done in a disagreeable, aggressive manner, but it should certainly be done.

NIVA McLELLAN, *Willowdale, Ontario, Canada.*

I thoroughly disagree with it. I am an alcoholic, and have been associated with A.A. for fourteen years. In this period of trying to overcome, I have attended cocktail parties all over the world, and I have never been embarrassed by standing up and saying that I don't want a drink.

I am familiar with the operation of the business world, and my observation and experience are that people respect a man that will stand up and be counted.

C. B. McDANIEL, *Fredericksburg, Virginia.*

If I were at a party where liquor was served, I would take no drink. Were lemonade or fruit punch or something nonalcoholic being served, I would take it and visit with the crowd. Now if no such drink is served, I would not go outside to bring one in just to go along with the crowd, carrying a drink in my hand. Were I to do that, the guests would assume I was drinking the same as they were, which would not be good. I would not be upholding good by so doing.

FLORENCE SAUNDERS, *Dayton, Ohio.*

I was shocked and disappointed in the article. Not only are these men taking the easy way out, but by pretending to go along with the crowd, they are actually approving and reinforcing the fable of social drinking.

I feel that their actions were selfish. They were intelligent enough to know that the best and most healthy thing to do was not to drink, so they didn't. Yet they let others think that they approved of this action in order to make it easy on themselves. If they would have had true character, they would have politely refused to drink liquor and asked for soft drinks. This may have given some others who might have been on the border line courage to do the same, and thus stay sober.

If some friends of yours were kicking a sleeping lion and they asked you to join them, would you? You know that this isn't healthy, and you don't approve of it. Would the answer to this problem be to go stand with your friends and not really kick the lion, just pretend, "to be sociable"?

BRUCE FLANAGAN, *Pullman, Washington.*

We have a grandson who works for one of America's large firms. Before accepting a job with them, he made it clear that he neither drank nor smoked, and he has been in their employ several years. I believe this to be the only answer to this question.

MRS. G. W. GIBBON, *Gaston, Oregon.*

We grant that the "secret" suggested by the nondrinker would keep other nondrinkers from getting drunk, but it would *not* contribute to saving drinkers from sliding downhill till they reach the point of no return. If the nondrinker stands up and is counted, some hesitating person may be encouraged to do likewise, or even a drinker may be led to give up liquor.

E. R. JOHNSON, *Angwin, California.*

The next time we have a beer bust, if I am invited, I'm going to try out the solution offered in this article. I do not think that it's particularly dishonest, because there is no liquor involved, nor do I feel that this is the "chicken's" way out. I might add that I feel it is the so-called "chickens" who must drown their woe in such foolishness!

MICHAEL C. FULLER, *Moscow, Idaho.*

In my opinion carrying a soft drink instead of liquor puts the person on the same level as if he were actually a drinker. I think there is nothing like the truth, and many times in the past I have refused to drink, and have never felt any ill effects.

J. W. BARRETT, JR., *Brooksville, Florida.*

The answer is No, thanks, if you have to be around it. You can stay away from the stuff.

MRS. EMMA ELLIOTT, *Loami, Illinois.*

The writer of this story and Jerry were only half men—scarcely that. They were spineless, shams, cowards. There is an innate element of deception in a man's code that prompts acting a falsehood as these men did. How could men with clear, thinking minds enjoy an evening in a crowd of progressing drinkers?

Seeming conformity to any questionable practice is *not* commendable. It but adds fuel to the flame. What is needed along with conviction is a good example, backbone, and tact.

MRS. VERDIE MARTINY, *Whitewater, Wisconsin.*

In my opinion both principals compromised shamefully. They were afraid to stand for what they believed to be right. They endeavored to deceive people. Always someone is watching and judging according to what he sees, and in this case both boys were setting bad examples.

I never try to cover up my belief that abstinence is honorable, and have found that people respect one who stands for what he believes to be right.

LLOYD CHAFFEE,
*Enosburg Falls,
Vermont.*



*Listening
to Our Readers*

FROM HEEL

I feel like a hero now instead of a heel, like a conqueror instead of the conquered. The proud, wifely sparkle has come back into Tillie's eyes. Nine-year-old Roger can point with satisfaction once more and exclaim, "There's my dad!"

It all started not long ago when we nearly hit the concrete siding to the bridge over the railroad. I couldn't fully realize at the moment how near we had come to tragedy, but later, when we got home and I sobered up some, I felt like a skunk for doing what I did.

I remembered the nearness of the concrete side rail and the feeling of staring death dazedly in the face as it leered at me from over the side. Still I could hear the terror in Roger's voice as he screamed at me and the agony in Tillie's as she prayed. I was mad at Roger and Tillie both for acting that way. I thought I had everything well under control, but if Roger hadn't screamed, we would all likely be dead by now! For I was in no fit condition to drive.

If they had had any other way to get home, they would not have ridden with me. Tillie and Roger both were finding all kinds of excuses for not going with me. In times past they enjoyed riding on Sunday afternoons, and I was trying to convince them that there was no reason why they should fear my driving. I'm a good driver, if I do say so myself; and a careful one, too. But suddenly I realized the things they were saying were true!

(Turn to page 32.)

Matt Stabile

TO HERO

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CONVERSE



T

RAFFIC safety in Sweden is encouraged by state bodies and by motoring organizations. One of the latter is the Abstaining Motorists Association (Motorförarnas Hälnykterhetsförbund, the MHF). With a membership of close to 150,000 drivers, the MHF has become the second largest motorists' association in Sweden.

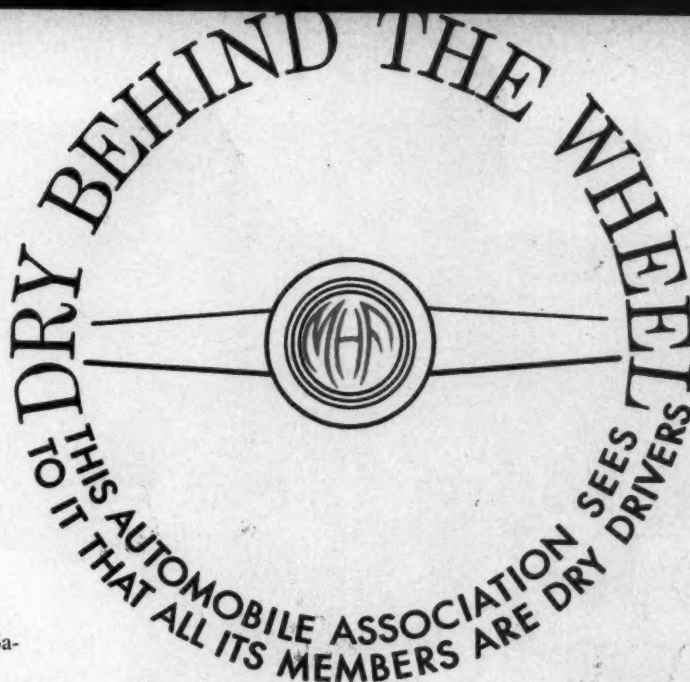
One of the latest initiatives of the MHF is the setting up of a "green-cross" organization, the members of which are always prepared in case they witness a road accident.

That does not mean that the green-cross people interfere with the work of doctors, but they are able to give first aid, and, according to regulations, call a doctor and an ambulance if needed. A green-cross man could be called a good Samaritan on wheels.

What justifies the term "unique" in connection with the MHF is the requisite for membership—total abstinence. The MHF people, as do many scientists and doctors all over the world, hold that alcohol jeopardizes driving. Even small quantities of liquor in a light drink affect the brain, making the drinker unfit for driving. Besides, the MHF takes the view that nothing short of total abstinence from such beverages should be regarded as tolerable in a modern, motorized society.

When this organization was begun in 1926 there were only 70,000 automobiles in Sweden. That same year some youth leaders met at Önnestad in southern Sweden to discuss automobiles and traffic. These young total abstainers agreed that something had to be done to inform people about drinking and driving.

Soon it was realized that the alcohol problem was only one of the factors causing traffic accidents, and therefore



the program was widened to cover the whole subject of traffic safety. Thereby, the MHF became the first organization in Sweden to be primarily concerned with improving traffic safety.

The MHF has initiated traffic education in all the schools, even including those for kindergarten children, and has arranged courses for traffic personnel. Foremost, however, is the traffic theme which holds the most prominent place in the program, that of encouraging the non-use of alcohol by motorists.

The MHF has been able to inspire in its 150,000 members, and its employees, a desire to dedicate themselves to the task of making traffic in Sweden safer. Many members participate in this work without pay. Take the "Family Rally, 1959," for

(Turn to page 29.)

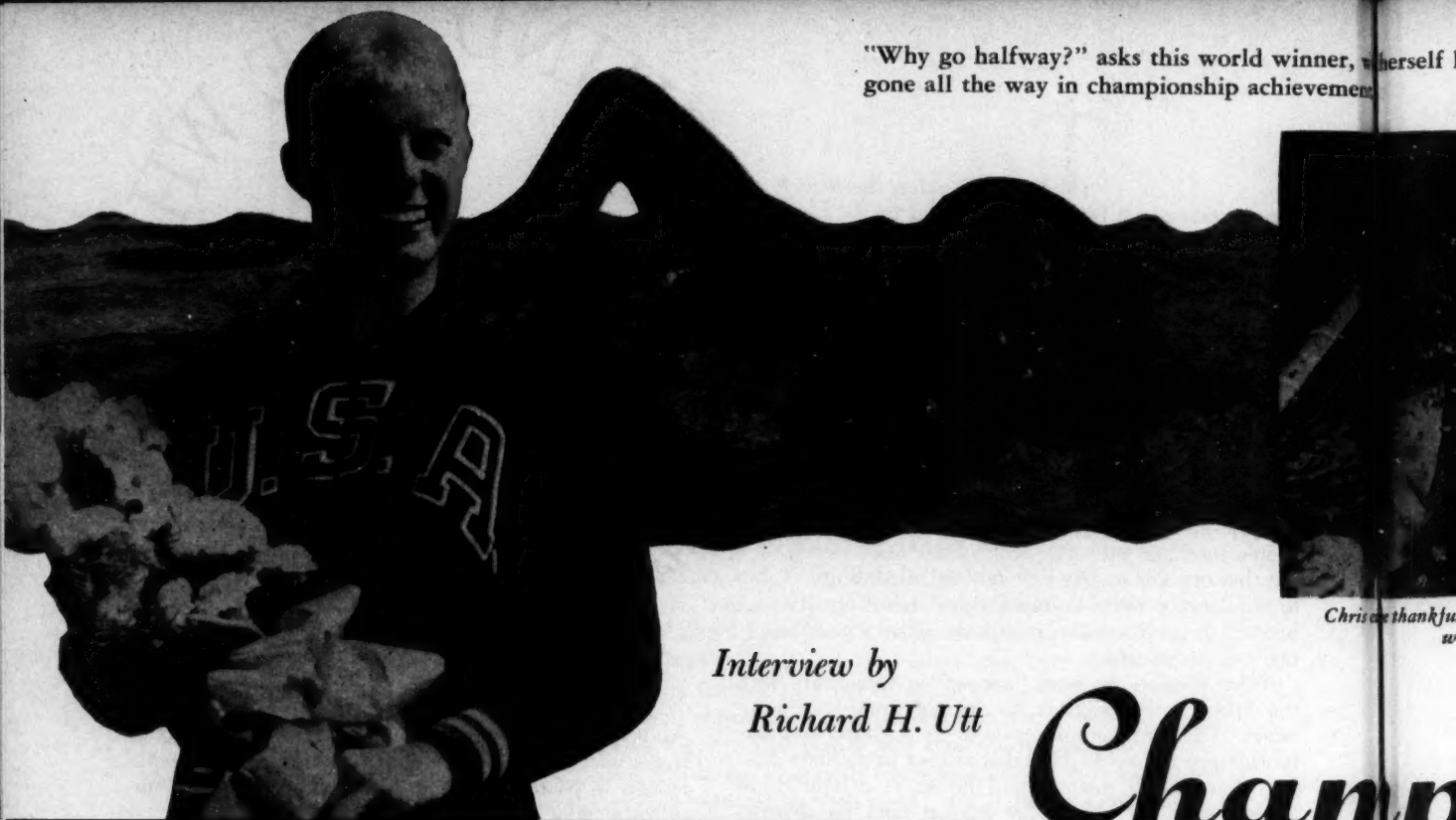
Gunnar Ruud



Left: Rune Andreasson, MHF managing director and general secretary of the International Abstaining Motorists Association.

Right: At an MHF exhibition in Stockholm, organization officials talk with Swedish Prince Bertil (left) and Governor Ruben Wagnsson.

"Why go halfway?" asks this world winner, herself I
gone all the way in championship achievement



Chris and thankju
w

Interview by
Richard H. Utt

Champ

MY EYES must have grown big and round as Mrs. John von Saltza showed me to the den of the family's comfortable Saratoga, California, home. On one wall was the most glittering assortment of trophies and medals I had ever gazed at—enough honors to make an entire athletic club congratulate itself.

"Chris is on the telephone," the gracious lady explained. "I'll tell her you're here."

Shortly a tall, attractive blonde, just turned seventeen, entered the room, and nobody had to tell me this was Chris von Saltza, winner of all those trophies. I had been seeing her picture in the papers and on the magazine covers with increasing frequency for the past several months, and so have millions of other sports fans all over the globe.

This was the girl who, at the age of fourteen, was being called the "No. 1 United States swimmer." And this was the same girl who carried off five gold medals at the Pan-American games in Chicago the following year, winning the 100-meter, 200-meter, and 400-meter free-style relay, and the 400-meter medley. All the marks were all-time Pan-American records. No wonder it was called a "one-woman swimming exhibition."

By the time she was sixteen Chris had set twenty-two American swimming records and broken the world record for the 200-meter backstroke. Last December Chris was honored as the woman swimmer of the year at the nineteenth annual sports award dinner held in Los Angeles. In last year's Olympic Games in Rome, the best showing made by the United States was in swimming events, an important

reason being that Chris von Saltza won three gold medals for her country. In the Olympic trials she swam the 400-meter free style in 4:44.5, and in the games themselves, in 4:50.6.

In the relay events Chris was a member of the 400-meter free-style and also the 400-meter medley relay team, both championship teams for the United States.

On April 6, 1961, Chris added two more titles when she broke her listed American record of 56 seconds for the 100-yard free style by winning in 0:55.8, and by taking the 200-yard backstroke title for the first time, winning in 2 minutes 19.9 seconds. At Hialeah, Florida, where this meet was held, she also won the 250-yard free style in 2:39, her fourth title in the National AAU Women's Indoor Championships.

"How did you feel representing your country in the Olympics?" I asked her.

"I felt very young and inexperienced," she replied, "but it was a real thrill."

"Don't the Australians usually win most of the swimming contests?" I queried.

"Yes, in the 1956 Olympics they outswam everybody."

"What makes them so good?"

"They really train. The best Australians practice swimming four hours or more a day."

"How far do they swim in that time?"

"About six miles!"

"How did you manage to beat them last year?"

"I owe much to my coach, George Haines, who has made me the swimmer I am. And, of course, we practice four and a half hours a day, six days a week, too."

er, herself has
ment



Chris is thankful for just plain
water, because it has made her career ...



... and brought her a myriad of trophies

Champion Swimmer



CHRIS VON SALTZA

"Does that mean you swim six miles a day, too?"

"Yes."

"I understand you can swim faster than Johnny Weismuller and other champion men swimmers of a few years ago. How do you explain this?"

"Back in the 1920's when Johnny set his record, swimmers spent maybe an hour every other day swimming."

"I've heard you have to stick to a pretty strict menu to reach the top. One of the magazines called it a 'Spartan' menu. Is that so?"

"Yes, you might say so."

"What's it like?"

"You don't eat any sweets, or take snacks between meals, and it's important to eat a lot of protein. You have to be especially strict during meets."

"Your teammate, Lynn Burke, is quoted as saying the hardest thing about being on the team is doing without dessert. Do you find it that way?"

"No, I like vegetables and other foods."

"What would happen if you should begin breaking the training rules?"

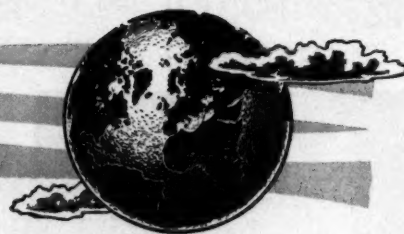
"You can't get away with it. Some people eat only a sweet roll for breakfast, but a swimmer in training couldn't do much with that kind of meal."

When it comes to drinking, Chris doesn't want to pass judgment or criticize what other people do. But for herself she says, "I would never take a drink, or even think of it." She asks, "If you're training to be in athletics, why go half-way?"

Her coach, George Haines, al-

(Turn to page 27.)

WORLD VIEW



SINCE the beginning of the temperance movement in Greece in 1952, much of the work in this field has been carried on by two organizations in co-operative efforts—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Good Templars of Greece.

The W.C.T.U. specializes in educational efforts in collaboration with the police, parents' groups, the army, and elementary schools. The Good Templars work co-operatively with the maritime navy schools, the fire departments, health commissioners, midwives, social workers, high schools, commercial schools, and summer camps. Through these methods alcohol education has been brought to a broad cross section of the people in Greece, particularly those of the professional or business classes, and those in public life.

The Greek Orthodox Church and the Ministry of Education have joined in sponsoring the Panhellenic Temperance Crusade. During the special week set aside annually for this purpose, talks are given in all the schools of Greece about alcohol and its effects, and the pupils write themes on the subject. The best essays are awarded prizes by the Minister of Education in public ceremonies, in which a representative of the Orthodox Church participates, as well as professors of the university and community leaders.

On the Sunday of this crusade all the priests throughout Greece speak on the topic "Alcoholism and Its Results." Appropriate posters are displayed in all the villages, and in the large cities these posters are put in the buses, trains, and public places.

The temperance organizations in Greece also help needy families of alcoholics, assisting them in finding work and giving them clothing, food, and medical care. Special attention is given to caring for children from alcoholic families. One service group of the Good Templars is made up of midwives who advise expectant or nursing mothers, educating them about the effects of alcohol upon their offspring. Thousands of leaflets are given out in connection with education of this type. In addition the Templars have an organization of health commissioners, who are civil employees, to carry on this educational work in the rural

Thalia Potamianou
*Member, International
Commission for the
Prevention of Alcohol-
ism, Athens, Greece*

areas. This includes assistance for alcoholics.

The youth division, made up of young people from high schools and colleges, works on behalf of other young people, demonstrating ways to have recreational fun without alcohol. They also give instruction to thousands of children during summer camps conducted by the government or by Greek societies.

Through the joint efforts of the W.C.T.U. and the Good Templars, and with the help

of volunteer doctors, at least 3,000 alcoholics have been rehabilitated. Many of these are persons who have completely changed, and now have gathered their family together and are caring for their children, and in some instances have built themselves a house. They turn out to be dedicated parents.

Since the beginning of this therapy program numerous children of alcoholics have come to our headquarters offices, hungry and sick, begging us to allow them to remain, because they cannot stay any longer with alcoholic parents. For instance, one father, an alcoholic, had seventeen children, but only five had lived to adulthood, two girls and three boys. The two girls he had forced into prostitution. One of the three boys is in jail, and the other two are beggars. There are other similar cases.

Formerly, the W.C.T.U. assisted in putting these children in good homes, but such a plan proves to be very expensive. Because of this, a fully equipped building is now being erected in which to care for these children, where they can receive food, clothing, and human association which they do not have at home.

An appeal is being sent out on behalf of this worthy institution in order to secure the additional funds needed to complete it. The framework is up, but the rest cannot be finished until finances are available. Much of the work has been donated by young people and others interested in the project, and it is the fervent desire of the builders and sponsors to go forward to complete the building so that many of the unfortunate victims of alcoholic homes may find adequate help.

Architect's model of the children's home being constructed in Athens, Greece,
in which to care for boys and girls who are victims of alcoholic homes.

Temperance Progress in Greece



Researchers, in their intensive hunt for an alcoholism cure, have now come up with a new and radical treatment in the hallucinogenic drug LSD. This drug is dangerous, however, in that it may alter permanently the personality of the user, a power no person should delegate to another. Even with this drastic treatment, it should be noted that at best only 50 per cent of the alcoholics are helped, even this percentage being open to question as to the permanence of the cure. Also it should be remembered that alcoholism, if a disease, is self-inflicted, the initial stages of which are developed through the willing choice of the drinker.

SHATTERED bits of dull brown glass strewn along the prairie roadside symbolize the shattered lives of Saskatchewan's 10,000 drink addicts, a haunting specter in a province little more than fifty years young.

This universal problem, while perplexing, has resulted in many theories, but one solid fact emerges: Alcoholism for many becomes an irreversible behavior pattern. In Saskatchewan, however, numerous alcoholics in dire circumstances have been treated by the province's psychiatric research group with LSD, a hallucinogenic drug, whose use is followed by visions and other symptoms which simulate mental disorders. It is used only by experts in experimental studies.

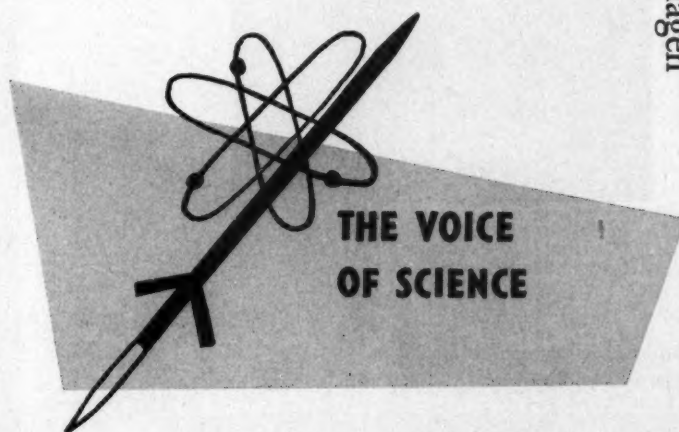
Alfred, a forty-eight-year-old shipping clerk, began drinking when he was eighteen. He had had an unhappy childhood; his marriage later foundered, too. When he went to the Saskatchewan psychiatric research center for treatment, not even Alcoholics Anonymous had been able to help him.

After receiving 300 gamma LSD, Alfred says that he had gained "insight and self-knowledge" and was discharged from the hospital much improved. The drug has a depersonalizing effect; that is, it is said to enable the alcoholic to see himself from outside himself. "There I am down there," he will say. Or he may look in the mirror and come away disgusted with the distorted image he sees.

Study of LSD and mescaline in volunteers began in Weyburn, Saskatchewan in 1952, the first year a research grant was received, as an aid to learning what it felt like to be a schizophrenic. Dr. Neil Agnew, research psychologist, and Dr. Abram Hoffer, director of psychiatric research, psychiatric services branch of the provincial department of public health, studied the effects of LSD

PICKING UP THE PIECES IN SASKATCHEWAN

William L. Brandhagen



on the mental health group of the Regina Junior Chamber of Commerce, the first volunteers for this project. Ben Stefaniuk, research psychologist, and Dr. Humphry Osmond, now superintendent of the Saskatchewan Hospital at Weyburn, continued the work they had begun.

Dr. Hoffer and Dr. Osmond became interested in drugs that would simulate delirium, which occurs in long-term drinkers. In 1953 the team, recalling

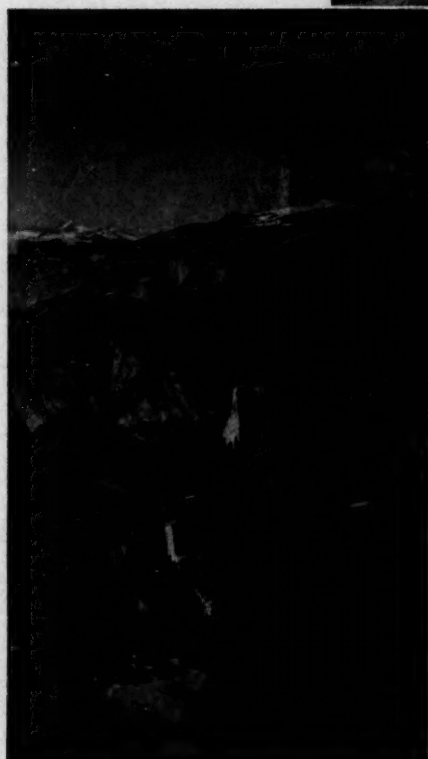
how alcoholics so dread the experience of delirium tremens that they never drink again, thought that if an LSD experience could be made equivalent to a d.t. experience, it would mimic the effects of being "down and out," but without the same danger. Thus they would have a negative conditioning against the need for drink.

Dr. Osmond and Mr. Stefaniuk experimented on a woman patient in the hospital. Upon (Turn to page 30.)

When Men & Mountains Meet

A STUDY IN CONTRAST

★ "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."—Thomas Campbell.



In Yosemite National Park, California, this family views Vernal and Nevada Falls, with the lofty Sierras rising in the distance.

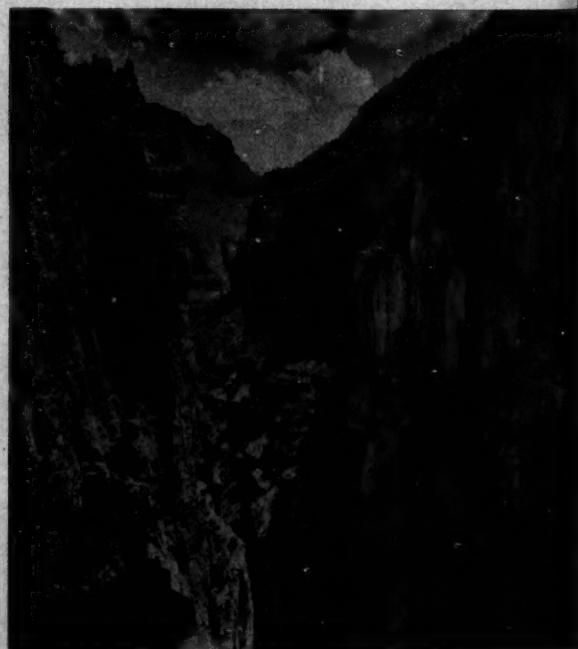
★ "I stood tiptoe upon a little hill.
The air was cooling, and so very still."—John Keats.



Like a small insect, this hiker stands silhouetted beneath the Double Arch of the Arches National Monument in Utah.

★ "Compare great things with small."—Virgil.

★ "Mountains are the beginning and the end of
all natural scenery."—John Ruskin.



A pack train threads its tortuous way along the Kaibab Trail in Grand Canyon, Arizona.

In Tuckerman's Ravine, New Hampshire, skiers go about their sport in June.



★ "What then is man? The smallest part of nothing."—Edward Young.

Bewilderment at the power of the mountain at the Cathedral-in-the-Desert, origin of Clear Creek, tributary to the Escalante River, southern Utah.

This viewer sees the Great White Throne (left) and Angel's Landing (right) from the West Rim of Zion Canyon, Utah.



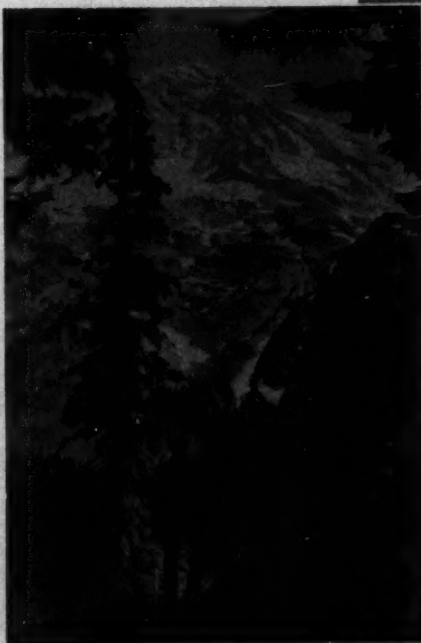
★ "All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood."
—Edna St. Vincent Millay.

A hiker crosses an ice bridge on the face of Athabaska Glacier high in the Canadian Rockies.



★ "Into the mountains let me go."—
Sir William Watson.

★ "Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is whole-
some for the character."—James Russell Lowell.



Mt. Rainier stands magnificent in the distance as seen from Indian Henry's in Mt. Rainier National Park, Washington.

★ "Mountains have a dreamy way
Of folding up a noisy day
In quiet covers, cool and gray."
—Leigh Buckner Hanes.

From dizzy heights of the Palisades of New Jersey, one can see the Hudson River below slowly moving toward the Atlantic Ocean.





Hope springs in the heart of this mother whose son is in trouble

My Son Will Come Back

Through the stifling heat and dust of the streets in Alexandria, Virginia, I made my way to the gasoline station from which I had gotten a telephone call. When I asked for the owner of the gas station, a man got up from under a car he was repairing and came toward me wiping his hands on a cloth. He was tanned and healthy looking, and appeared to be about sixty.

I gave him my name, and he got a watch from the locked cabinet drawer nearby. Looking at the ticket, he said, "I filled your son's car with gas, changed the oil, gave him money to carry him on his way to Florida to find a job. The amount comes to \$18."

My heart sank. How long, how long? How many more times? What will I do about money that I no longer have? I did not have \$18 with me, so I asked if the station manager would keep the watch a little longer, and I would pay something down and pay the rest in two payments.

He looked at me, and then asked if this had happened before and if it had been often. I could not speak and had to nod my head. "Mrs. B, is your son an alcoholic?" he went on. When I answered in the affirmative, he pushed the watch over to me and said in the kindest voice I've ever heard, "Little lady, you couldn't pay me a cent. I was an alcoholic for nine long years, and my mother was the only one who stuck with me. In doing this for you I can in a small way repay her. I lost my wife and children, my business and friends. I was so bad that people who knew me crossed to the other side of the street to avoid me. I went down literally to the gutter. My mother worked doing anything to help herself and me, but like you she was not young.

Finally she had to do what the counselors and the doctors told her she'd have to do—stop giving me money.

"She let me eat and sleep at her place, and she laundered my clothes—a mother can't see her child dirty, no matter what his age—but she would not give me a cent, or pay any bills I'd run up.

"Your son, Mrs. B," he continued, "will have to do what I had to do—work out of it himself. There is no other way. I was in jail when I realized this. I had been there time and again for drunkenness, and somehow this time I knew I had hit rock bottom and that I, with the help of God, would have to heal myself. That, of course, meant thinking of others and not of myself alone, as I had been doing. It was not easy at all. But once I started I never gave up.

"Now my mother lives with me in my apartment. She is eighty years of age, and she's happy. I can't give her back the lost years, but she'll have all I can give her the rest of her life."

He smiled at me again. "Now, lady," he said as he looked at the watch again. "Your son will come out of it. I can't say when, but one day he will come to himself and realize what he has to do. He'll start with settling his accounts, and when that time comes he'll pay me. Then only you will give him his watch, for then he can be trusted with it."

That was a year ago. The watch is still with me. Sometimes I know where my son is; at other times I can only hope that he is not hungry.

The last letter I received from him was from another country. Like the prodigal son, he'll come to his senses and come to his home. There will always be a welcome for him. I take out his watch, and again I feel that he will come through.

That assurance is all the stronger as the result of the kindness I received from that stranger with an understanding heart. He gave me the courage and faith to believe that my son has the strength to be the man God meant him to be.

JACOB INDEPENDENCE WOLF, of Sedalia, Missouri, as his name indicates, was born on Independence Day, 1872. After his eightieth birthday he decided he needed a hobby, so he obtained a piano and set as his goal three hundred music lessons. With the help of two instructors he completed the lessons.

"I understand that you neither smoke nor drink," I said to him.

"That's right." His eyes sparkled as he replied.

"Have you ever done either?" I inquired.

"Never drank a drop, and I am proud of it," was his answer.

"How about smoking?" I asked.

"I started smoking a pipe when I was thirty years old. At that time I began to go with a crowd consisting of smokers, and that made it easy for me."

"When did you stop smoking?"

"Two years ago, when I was eighty-six."

I asked what prompted him to stop. He explained that he had come to the conclusion that going around with a pipe hanging out of his mouth was neither becoming nor smart. "So," he said, "I just made up my mind to stop."

I inquired if he had experienced any reaction at the time, and he replied in the negative. "Did you not miss it at all?" I asked.

"Yes, I did. Right after mealtime when I was in the habit of sitting around and resting."

"How did you handle this problem?"

"Well, first, I found some new friends, some who didn't smoke. Then I took to reading books."

"Tell me about the result."

"That was two years ago, and during the two-year period I have read 184 books, which have furnished me with 37,426 pages of reading matter."

"Quite a list," I commented; "so much reading must have taken all of your time."

"Oh, that isn't all," he said. "I have taken twelve different correspondence courses. And I've read the Bible through. I finished the Old Testament in three months—the New in two."

"What an interesting life for a person of your age!" I said.

I resolved to ask him one more question. "Mr. Wolf," I said, "we all know in going through life one has ups and downs, victories and defeats; and in looking back the picture will reveal both satisfaction and regret. What is the greatest regret of your life?"

"That I ever took up smoking," was his reply.

THE WOLF WAY



by Elizabeth Wakefield



BEST PREVENTION

Interview by Marion Rubinstein



Believing that a hobby shop for boys in every neighborhood is the best prevention for juvenile delinquency, Louis Moser of Houston, Texas, has invested his life savings in a machine shop adjoining his home.

In fact, during the last thirty-three years he has previously established similar workshops in three different areas where he has lived: Toledo, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; and Israel.

"Give a growing boy something constructive to do, and he will not become destructive," is Moser's philosophy.

All his sons are graduate engineers, products of their father's inspiration. "It was my ambition for them to become engineers," he explains.

No matter how long he worked, when his children were at home, Moser made it his business to have at least one meal a day with all his nine children. "If I worked nights, we ate breakfast together," he says.

When one of the children misbehaved, the other children were the court, the jury, and the defender. "It worked, too," Moser laughs.

HOYT McAFEE

Spirits in the White

When President and Mrs. John F. Kennedy held their first White House reception, and served hard liquor over a bar, in the State Room, that fact was widely reported in the nation's press. Concerned citizens everywhere viewed that action with genuine regret, and numbers of influential leaders in every walk of life expressed their disappointment publicly.

Immediately certain White House correspondents and syndicated columnists rushed into print with pieces defending the action of the President and his first lady. Unfortunately, they went beyond that premise. Many of them sought to convey the impression that the serving of liquor—in some form or to some degree—has always been a White House custom, from George Washington's first term to the present day.

Not so! Maybe the freewheeling White House reporters—those who are willing to grab a free drink on any occasion—would like to imagine it has always been that a "sociable alcoholic drink" for "thirsty" guests or visitors has been available at the White House, even if it was necessary to serve it furtively, or on the "quiet." It so happens, however, that the facts do not support that supposition.

In fact, the United States has been fortunate to have at least six nondrinking Presidents in its history, who considered liquor harmful, who abstained from the use of it themselves, and who did not permit or approve its being served in the White House. These six were Millard Fillmore, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield, and Woodrow Wilson.

As all history students know, Millard Fillmore succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of Zachary Taylor. Fillmore took the oath as President on July 10, 1850. He had long been a believer in the temperance cause, and had done much to promote it. There was no evidence of liquor around the White House, all authentic historical documents point out, during his incumbency.

As for Abraham Lincoln, the immortal Civil War President, his devotion to temperance was dynamic and lifelong. In his young manhood in

rough-and-tough frontier Illinois, he often attended fairs, political rallies, barbecues, and festive celebrations. On those occasions, accounts make clear, wine and corn liquor flowed freely. But all recognized historians stress that Lincoln was never one to "join in" the drinking. He saw no constructive or worth-while purpose in drinking. Accordingly, he abstained from use of it not only at political conventions, on holidays, or during celebrations, but also in his everyday life.

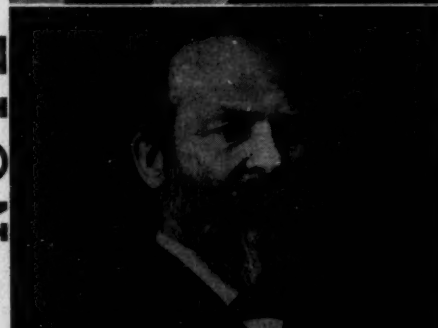
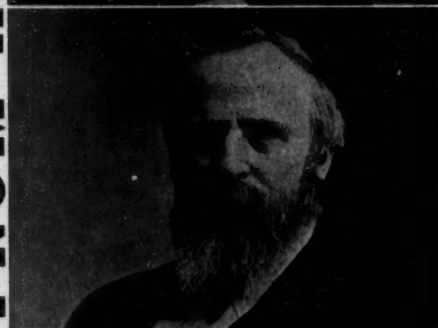
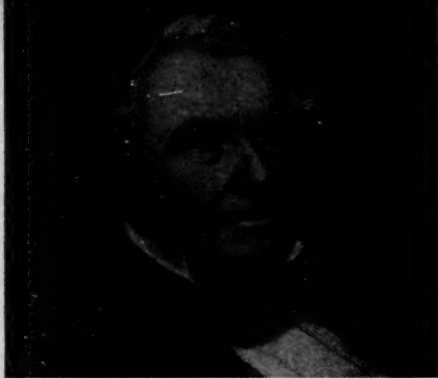
After Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theater, in Washington, D.C., another staunch advocate of temperance became President of the United States. This was, of course, Andrew Johnson. Despite human failings, despite the storms of abuse which beset him during his Presidential term (including impeachment proceedings), he never wavered in his policy of abstinence.

Readers of history may be prompted to ask: "What about the occasion when Andrew Johnson was sworn in as Vice-President?" To deal with that incident in true perspective: Johnson was still ill and shaky from the effects of typhoid fever. He received some ignorant advice—to the effect that a strong drink would make him well.

Johnson followed that advice, and showed up at the inauguration ceremony in a wobbly condition. Even so, Johnson's political enemies and critics understood the situation clearly. They directed no censure at Johnson. It was a well-known fact that he was a strictly nondrinking man.

Another abstainer was the nineteenth President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes. Hayes found deep contentment in marriage. His wife, Lucy Ware Hayes, influenced him strongly. They celebrated their silver wedding anniversary during his term in the White House.

President and Mrs. Hayes not only preached abstinence, but practiced it. All White House functions were cheerful, friendly, informal, and hospitable during the Hayes administration. Guests at these affairs kept clear heads and let their natural health-given spirits enliven each occasion. No liquor, in any form, was ever served.



House

Fast on the heels of Rutherford B. Hayes came James A. Garfield, twentieth President. Garfield likewise did much to further the temperance cause. Spiritual strength welled from within him. After the assassination of Lincoln, for example, angry mobs gathered in front of the Customs House in New York City.

Hotheads wanted to storm into action, take the law into their own hands, and avenge Lincoln's death. When two brash men spoke critically of Lincoln, a near-riot ensued. Garfield, then a Congressman, stepped boldly forward, shouted for attention, and pleaded: "Fellow citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

That stirring appeal moved every listener to silence. Its impact was so profound that the mob dispersed!

It was this same Garfield, the champion of temperance, who once wrote: "I do not care what others say and think about me, but there is one man's opinion which I value very much—that of James Garfield. Others I need not think about. I can get away from them; but I have to be with him [Garfield] all the time. He is with me when I rise up and when I lie down, . . . when I eat and talk, . . . when I go out and come in. It makes a great difference whether he thinks well of me or not."

Woodrow Wilson was the first President to hold open, free-swinging, give-and-take press conferences. Immediately after he became Chief Executive, he notified Andrew Carnegie, "Send no more gifts of liquor to the White House, please."

It was during Wilson's second term, on January 29, 1919, that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was formally ratified. This act forbade the manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor throughout the United States, its territories, and its dependencies. Woodrow Wilson, who was described by close and understanding friends as a "practical idealist," believed that a man in a position of leadership should set a strong and constructive example.

CHAMPION SWIMMER

(Continued from page 19)

most never mentions drinking or smoking to his swimmers. "He doesn't need to," says Chris. "He takes it for granted that if you want to swim, you won't use such things. You instinctively feel what the coach thinks of them. Sometimes people join up who don't mean business, and they soon drop out," she adds.

"Besides this, what would you tell a youngster who wants to become a top-notch swimmer?" I asked.

"First, find a good coach, one who's willing to spend time with you, helping you correct your stroke. Then be willing to work hard."

Chris is looking forward to entering college, where she expects to major in history. After that? She would like to go into the foreign service.

If she does, it will really be going *back* into foreign service, because Chris has already done an outstanding job of representing her country in Rome, and has won friends and admirers from all over the world. Right now she has urgent invitations to tour Israel, South Africa, Sweden, and other countries—more invitations than she can possibly accept.

Not bad for an American girl just turned seventeen!

THE "ALMOST" WINNER

(Continued from page 5)

"I almost made grand opera," a relatively unknown singer says. "There are young lads who, with one recording, make as much money as I will probably get in a whole lifetime."

"For myself I've learned to adjust to this condition. But I try to prepare my pupils better than I was prepared for the difference between winning and not quite winning."

Anybody, whether of high or lowly estate, can help somebody toward this end.

3. We can redefine success.

Such redefinition must take place first on a personal basis, ultimately on a social basis.

Social and personal success measurements do not necessarily exclude each other; neither implies that the other has been achieved. Some persons believe that a personal sense of success is more important than any other.

"My father taught me the most important lesson of my life," a business executive tells us. "When I was in high school, I was the local tennis champion. After each match, dad asked just this

question: 'Son, did you do your best?'

"Gradually I absorbed the purpose of simply doing my best. Sometimes I've won victories (in business) through scarcely any effort on my part. Those have been no source of great satisfaction to me. At other times I have done my top level best and still failed to score any smashing recognition, yet I felt good inside."

When enough individuals live by this inward measure, the social measures of success will change. This is the only way of achieving a local, national, or world-wide redefinition of success.

4. In every competitive situation we can keep in mind that there is such a thing as "one-shot" winning.

There is a wide difference between the over-all records of Lew Worsham and Sam Snead in golf. Lew had that fortunate break in his lifetime of cupping the ball in a crucial 135-yard shot. That is worth remembering! On the other hand, the steady gratification of slowly improving every detail of one's game can provide enduring delight.

It may be said that mental preparation for "luck-winning" is scant consolation when it occurs. It is still a harrowing experience to know that one is the best skater on the rink—and then to come in second because of a twisted ankle.

Indeed, mental preparation for such an occurrence is small relief. But life can be cruel. It compels us to grasp at tiny compensations in place of huge rewards at unexpected moments.

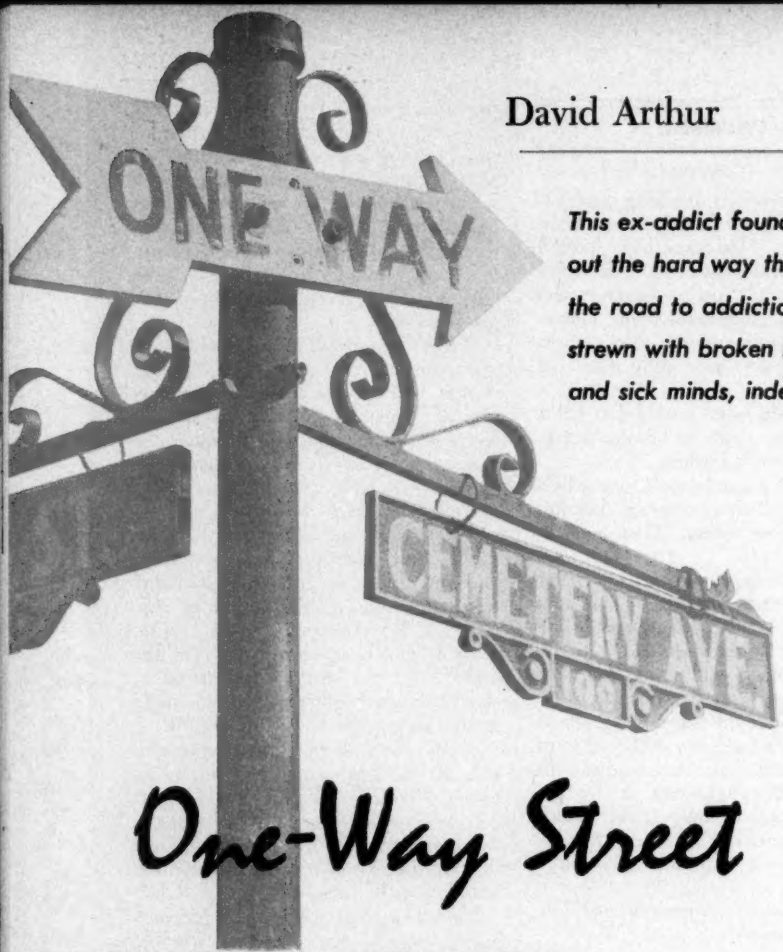
5. The almost winner can remember that history sometimes reverses the roles of the winner and almost winner.

This, too, is not a lively source of solace. It takes considerable courage to assert that judgments will be reversed one hundred years hence. Still, in some cases, this has surely proved a part of the support which undergirded those who "trained for the contest," such as Pasteur, Galileo, Mozart, or Lincoln.

6. The almost winner must keep in mind, even though everyone else might forget, that he is essential to the winner.

This is the crux of the matter, and will bear repetition millions of times. All progress requires individuality, which is not always rewarded with acclaim. Each of us must review periodically the nature of the success to which we aspire, the relative desirability of choosing long-range or short-range goals.

By so doing, we can prevent plunging ourselves into any tentative form of relief—alcohol or drugs, for example—and may stiffen our spines for more realistic endeavors, whether these win or almost win.



David Arthur

*This ex-addict found
out the hard way that
the road to addiction is
strewn with broken bodies
and sick minds, indeed a--*

One-Way Street

"HELP me, I'm hooked," is the agonizing plea from a person who realizes, usually too late, that he has become addicted to one of the opiate drugs, that he is unable of himself to stop using this self-administered poison.

I'm an ex-addict, and although the authorities tell me that there is only one chance in a thousand I won't return to using drugs, I have to gamble.

Many people like to think they can spot a dope "fiend." They would lead you to believe that he has some peculiar physical features, a twisted mouth or wild eyes, that he walks strangely or talks differently. This isn't true. I might be your neighbor, the fellow you work with, or the boy your daughter is going out with tonight.

For the protection of the many who are trying to help me help myself, my true name must remain anonymous. This is not only to avoid embarrassing my friends but to ensure me the anonymity which is necessary for my making a successful transition from the world of half-truths and deception to a world of right thinking and right ac-

tions, coupled with an existence free from the torment of narcotics use.

Reflect as you read that the problem of narcotics addiction is not an unusual one. Bear in mind that addiction to habit-forming opiates is no respecter of race, creed, color, or socioeconomic status. It could happen to a member of your family. It did to mine!

Unfortunately, the road to drug addiction is often quite deceptive in its simplicity. The factors that started me using drugs back in 1951 are not really important unless I stress the peculiar rationalizations that I, a boy of sixteen, used to convince myself, my family, and my friends of the "rightness of wrongness."

While in a small beach town in southern California in 1950, I was first introduced to marijuana, a leafy plant which produces, when smoked, false feelings of elation and real feelings of depression. A group of us gathered at the pier after school, and it was there that one of my friends offered me what he called a "joint." "Come on, Dave. Try it; you'll like it," he urged.

Why did I take it? I had heard

about, and certainly read enough about, the effects of marijuana to know what it was and what it could do. I'll tell you why I accepted my first marijuana cigarette, and later my first cap of heroin. Two words sum it up: *For acceptance!*

It's unrealistic of anyone to minimize the importance that a youth places on being accepted, being one of the crowd. Social ostracism, particularly at sixteen, can be a terrible thing. For acceptance and out of adolescent curiosity, I accepted that first marijuana cigarette. That was nine years of pain, humiliation, reformatories, and prisons ago.

Let me briefly describe the physical effects of marijuana, so that you will better understand what motivates a person who has once tried a "joint" to try still another and another.

When inhaled, the fumes of the *cannabis sativa*, the scientific name for marijuana, produce a feeling first of stimulation not unlike a 100-mile-an-hour ride down a roller coaster. And like the roller coaster, you come to a sudden stop. In equal degrees to the feelings of elation and stimulation, you receive extreme feelings of depression, fear, and persecution.

If in a car you may be driving ninety miles per hour, believing that you are going ten. If walking, small cracks in sidewalks may appear extremely large, and sidewalk curbs reach distorted heights of three and four feet. You are unable to judge distance or time. A minute seems like an hour, and an hour like a minute. You become insensitive to colors and often to pain. The smoke from one marijuana cigarette can produce these and similar physiological effects for from two to four hours. During this time a person may believe he is experiencing an existence that is devoid of all worry, anxiety, and complications. The use of marijuana creates an emotional and psychological dependence. Psychologists have shown that a person who initially uses and continues to use marijuana is emotionally immature.

Unquestionably, I was immature, both in my thinking and in my actions. My parents and two sisters became worried about my irregular school attendance and the late nightly rendezvous that I was keeping with my "friends." It is necessary for me to place quotation marks around the word "friends," because at that time I sincerely believed they were my friends.

It was only later that I came to understand that they were as confused and sick as I was, and in most instances far from friendly. To cover up my absences, I began lying. To obtain money

to purchase the marijuana, I resorted to stealing articles left around my house, which I sold for fifty cents or a dollar, enough for a "joint" or two.

One night at a school party Mel called me outside. He showed me a small capsule about the size of a new pencil eraser, filled with white powder. He mentioned a word, one I had heard many times before. "Heroin! Hard stuff! Heavy!" While I stared at the innocent-looking capsule, Mel produced a hypodermic needle, an eyedropper, and a spoon, his "outfit" he called it, and proceeded to cook the white powder mixed with water into a colorless liquid. I stood paralyzed when he rolled up his sleeve and injected the fluid into his arm, swayed briefly, and then made a running dash for the flower bed in the front yard. He was undergoing what is termed a "flash" in the addict jargon, a nauseous feeling that causes an addict to be unable to keep anything in his stomach. This is only one of many penalties he must pay.

He returned moments later, and offered me the syringe. I accepted it, not fully realizing the path of torment and torture that lay ahead, but conscious of the fear of rejection and ridicule which I was sure would follow if I refused.

The first time you inject any opiate derivative into your vein is not pleasant. The feeling of nausea, the loss of coordination and your natural senses, is something more than terrifying. So why did I, or why does any addict, for that matter, continue to use often as much as two grams of heroin or morphine a day? I must be honest, and say that there is a pleasant physiological feeling that follows the initial "flash" and momentary feelings of unpleasantness. This feeling is vague and almost indescribable, a feeling of being and not being all at once. This is the euphoria that the addict seeks to attain through the use of drugs.

But I did not fully know or realize the path to ruin that I had embarked on that night. I am confident that most people don't really understand the moral, spiritual, and physical bankruptcy that must follow in the wake of addiction to a habit-forming drug. I'm sure if they did, they would never begin the "life" of an addict.

The life of an addict is a timeless, dimensionless existence of half-living. It is a life filled with self-deception and deception toward others. Thievery and treachery also make up an addict's life, which soon becomes isolation. For as surely as you begin using narcotics, you will be arrested and imprisoned, both for your welfare and the welfare of law-abiding society. The use of nar-

cotic drugs is not only extremely harmful to you individually, but illegal as well.

It would be impossible to describe vividly enough the physical torture of withdrawing from drugs. It would be futile to ask you to imagine the cold steel cells which contain only you and the hideous nightmares, cramps, and the living hell that all addicts have experienced many times.

But these things are real! They are inevitable if you use drugs. You will cease being a human being, and you will become a shell, just existing. Sustained from hour to hour by a poison so insidious that it destroys your mind, your health, and in the end your life, you will find that heroin, morphine, and other opium derivatives can truly be labeled "WHITE DEATH"!

As I stated at the beginning, I am an ex-addict. I am fighting the psychological craving for drugs a minute at a time. The physical desire has long since disappeared. Only time will tell whether I have been able to escape from the shadows of narcotics addiction successfully.

It will be a battle that I will have to fight the rest of my life. From all of this, I've learned one thing: The road to drug addiction is a one-way street, strewn with broken bodies and sick minds, with all the warning signs removed. Let this be your red light.

DRY BEHIND THE WHEEL

(Continued from page 17)

instance. This was a Sunday event for the whole family in all Sweden, with fun and contests for the thousands of participants. On that particular Sunday, 7,500 MHF motorists worked hard to make the program a success.

The number of members has been increasing rapidly since the end of World War II. In 1939 there were only about 10,000 members, but today the MHF has fourteen times as many. But keep in mind that the MHF consists of only abstaining drivers. Furthermore, it ought to be remembered that Sweden of today has only 1,200,000 automobiles.

The amazing growth of this organization clearly shows that a large group of Swedish motorists fully understand the dangers of mixing alcohol with driving. These men and women are practical people, and that is reason enough for them to belong to the MHF. One practical aspect of the MHF membership is lower insurance rates, because abstainers have fewer accidents than do those who drink.

The MHF has grown into a large motoring organization with an exten-

sive service. Members enjoy free technical and juridical consultation, travel service, and a motor magazine issued bimonthly.

One phase of MHF activity is the building of hotels and motels. The MHF motel at Hålsingborg in southern Sweden close to Denmark is the second largest motel in Europe. It has a full twenty-four-hour service.

Another initiative was taken by MHF in 1932 when a special insurance company for abstaining motorists was founded. This company has been very successful, and is now the third in size among all Swedish automobile insurance companies.

This company was called Ansvar ("Responsibility") and operates a branch office in London, where during the rush season about 600 new customers a week begin to enjoy lower insurance rates. Furthermore, the Ansvar Company is co-operating with the Preferred Risk Mutual Insurance Company in the United States, and is now preparing to help people in Iceland and Finland to have the same benefits. The same idea is growing in Denmark, Norway, Australia, and Africa.

Abstaining motorists' associations in Scandinavia and Finland have formed a joint body, the Nordic Union for Nonalcoholic Traffic, and are also members of the international co-operative forum, the International Abstaining Motorists Association.

Adequate information, based upon facts that have been proved by scientific tests, is the No. 1 weapon against traffic accidents. This surely is one of the reasons why the MHF has gained such respect in Sweden and abroad. In Stockholm, Regeringsgatan 50 is MHF headquarters, and here one finds that from the whole world questions regarding legislation, insurance, and information come pouring in.

The MHF association also has a special school for members, an institution which keeps students up to date with new developments within the fields of traffic psychology, medicine, and technique. This school has produced the first book in Sweden on traffic psychology. Its aim is to give the students knowledge of the functioning of the automobile and why drivers react in so many different ways.

A unique motor organization? Yes, but a logical consequence of the scientifically proved fact that even small amounts of alcohol jeopardize traffic safety, or as Professor Drew in Bristol, England, puts it: "There is a measurable deterioration in performance when there is in the blood the smallest quantity of alcohol that can be detected by existing instruments."

NO FUNDS FOR COCKTAILS

(Continued from page 6)

considered. At this point I had to make a decision to follow the group or possibly lose some friends. My decision was to stand for what I believed to be right.

"When I walked into the next meeting, not one person spoke to me, but right then and there a new motion was passed never to disburse for liquor, money collected from any of our fund-raising projects.

"After the meeting I was congratulated, and everyone seemed relieved that it came out the way it did."

Not only does Wood have convictions about nondrinking in the Jaycee club organization, but he upholds this no-drinking policy in his own home. He says, "I have never served alcoholic beverages in my home, and I have no plans to do so in the future. I have many parties at my home, but soft drinks are the only beverages served. My wife feels the same way about this that I do."

Has Delmas ever attended a cocktail party? He answers this question straightforwardly: "I ask for soft drinks, I do not make a scene at a party, but I would not stay home from a meeting or party because cocktails were being served. I feel I can do better influencing others by allowing them to see that I practice what I preach.

"Another thing," he continues; "I do not down a person because he drinks, but I am reluctant to trust a person to do certain jobs if he is a drinker."

Twenty-nine-year-old Delmas, resident of Sandy Spring, Maryland, sells insurance in his community. He and his wife, Joan, have four children, two boys and two girls, and spend more time together than do most young couples. This is partly because Delmas has his office in his own home, and Joan answers the telephone, does stenographic work, and generally takes care of her husband's business at home base while he is calling on new clients and satisfying regular customers.

Interested in church activities, Wood is counselor for the Senior Youth Fellowship at the Ashton Methodist Church, and he often counsels youth when they ask questions on drinking. He answers these questions by posing another: "I ask them," he says, "'Have you ever seen anything really beneficial come from drinking, or smoking either, for that matter?'"

His advice to parents: "Be an example to your children. The old adage, 'Do as I say, not as I do,' is certainly not appropriate here. I have made it a

point for my children to see people who are under the influence. A child likes to imitate people who are popular for their contributions to the world, not someone who is a disgrace to his family and himself. These young people will draw the right conclusion."

In finding a solution to this No. 3 health problem in the nation, Delmas urges that all groups join in a united effort. "And you must stand up and be counted, speak what you believe, even if you are the only one in the group who does not drink," he emphasizes.

Delmas Wood, Jr., considers himself an average citizen of his community, who enjoys his hobby of boating with his family. The Woods economize with a small car, a Volkswagen, so they can have a boat with a good motor.

Delmas does not tell others how to run their lives, but he does try in living his own to help others solve their problems and to be an example to his friends and associates. He is not afraid to let them know where he stands on issues that are important in shaping the future of America.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

(Continued from page 21)

discharge she kept on drinking and was considered a failure. Dr. Osmond later learned to his surprise that six months after the LSD treatment she had desisted and had remained dry since. The second case was a man who recovered, abstained, then started drinking again.

In 1954 Dr. Colin Smith, newly appointed to the research staff, carried out research on alcoholism in Regina and later in Saskatoon, proceeding slowly, as this was a minor part of his work.

In 1956 a Vancouver scientist, in collaboration with doctors, began using mescaline and LSD as a specific treatment for alcoholics. Dr. Hoffer urged Dr. Smith to speed up his work. By the end of 1957 Dr. Smith had treated twenty-four of the most difficult cases, with prognosis extremely unfavorable. The average period of uncontrolled drinking was 12.1 years.

After a follow-up period, six were found much improved, six improved, and twelve unchanged. These results were considered significant enough to merit further research.

In 1957 Dr. Al Hubbard of Vancouver demonstrated to Dr. Nick Chwelos, resident in research training in University Hospital, Saskatoon, and Dr. D. B. Blewett, supervising psychologist for the province, that giving the alcoholic a bad time might be less effective than utilizing the pleasant trans-

cendental experience LSD could produce by another method of treatment.

Research workers then modified their method to test this idea and continued to accumulate data. But how to administer the drug effectively? Dr. Blewett and Dr. Chwelos would take it with the patient in order to understand him better. On comparing the two methods, they found that about half were helped either way. When the doctor doing the treatment took the drug, too, slight but inconclusive evidence indicated utilization of the experience was better. Many who had only a mild reaction stopped drinking, while some who had a wonderful experience continued to drink. Was the biochemical effect or the psychological experience the more important?

Dr. Hoffer thinks that where LSD is successful, it may be that the patient is helped by greater insight into his problems, himself, and the effects of his drinking on others. LSD creates a period of well-being and relaxation and a transcendental experience, producing a permanent change in some people or a moderate reduction in others.

Of the eighty alcoholics treated so far—many among "the toughest alcoholics one could get anywhere"—half are doing well. Although some may indulge occasionally, they are not alcoholics. One continued drinking for three months after treatment, then stopped entirely. Today, three years later, he is successful in his chosen career. While some have developed a distaste for it, indicating a physical change, others keep on drinking. Historically, LSD has helped 50 per cent of those treated.

To find out why half do not respond successfully, research workers are now concentrating on failures. They are trying to determine why a particular person becomes an alcoholic and whether the cause can be modified, why alcohol in copious amounts makes most people sick while it makes the alcoholic, for a period in his drinking, "well."

They also employ various forms of treatment: If the patient is depressed, he is given shock treatment; if tense, the anti-tension drug; if schizophrenic, other appropriate treatment. If the cause is believed to be psychological, he is given LSD.

Meanwhile, all papers presently published confirm the findings of their research. The Saskatchewan unit is the first in the world to have tackled the problem with LSD, and several centers in the United States, England, and Canada are now using this method. But since they constitute a small group, whose main job is to concentrate on problems of schizophrenia, an extension of this type of research is in prospect.

WAR THAT WAS NEVER WON

(Continued from page 7)

and dollars. Rulers, many of whom were addicts themselves, rose and fell rapidly in the nationwide effort to control the menace.

China's opium problems, most historians agree, began late in the eighteenth century when the British East India Company began pushing Bengal opium into various Chinese ports. The habit took root in all parts of the country, and soon a lucrative trade began. Once the country's emperor saw the danger of the opium imports, he ordered resistance—and threw the country into the first opium war. The Chinese lost the battle, and opium continued to flow into the nation. In 1857 the second opium war also resulted in a Chinese defeat, and the importing of opium was stepped up by the British to seventy times the imports of 1800.

China never did win her opium battle through war. The country simply found that since it couldn't defeat the British it was a simple matter to join them. The Chinese took up the growing of opium themselves. Before control was finally achieved six sevenths of all opium consumed in China was home grown.

For the poverty-ridden multitudes of China opium was particularly seductive. The day-after-day dreary flatness of the average Chinese's life found little or no relief outside the forgetfulness that the opium pipe and its thick, curling smoke brought.

When China finally realized that she was a victim of national addiction, it was not primarily concern for the countless thousands of lives being ruined that moved the government. The government realized China had fallen from her customary strong position among world powers. Once the ruling Manchu dynasty saw the national setback being brought to China by unchecked opium addiction, the greatest war ever waged to stop a nation caught in the grip of a vicious habit began. It was a strange war—a nation fighting herself—or, at least, fighting for herself.

On September 20, 1906, the empress dowager issued the nation's famed Anti-Opium Edict, which banned the growth, sale, and consumption of all opium in China within ten years. Before the nation was to recover herself, human blood would flow in a thousand rivulets, property would be destroyed on a mammoth scale, and rulers would be tumbled from their high places.

The grip of the drug on China by 1900 was absolute. And as the edict against the poison was felt in the coun-

Youth Asks..



The Doctor Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

Listen invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o Listen Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

Is alcohol a good medicine?

If so, then it should be used to restore the sick. But it should be prescribed only by those trained in its use, and used only when it is the best medication available! Is alcohol a good stimulant? If so, then it should be used to arouse the indolent to good deeds. Is alcohol a good anesthetic? If so, then why not use it before, during, and after surgery? Is alcohol a good relaxant? If so, why is its use so often given as an excuse for the vilest of crimes?

Why is it advisable to use salt (sodium chloride) sparingly?

Table salt (NaCl) is used by the body as a chemical in carrying on many of its cellular activities. Thus a certain amount of sodium and chloride is needed to maintain health.

However, we know that an oversupply of these chemicals can be harm-

ful in that they cause a retention of water within the cells of the body, thus disturbing normal inter- and intra-cellular metabolism. In other words, body chemical activities are disturbed, such as water balance between the blood, the lymph system, and the body tissues.

Thus we see that an excess of salt in the diet tends to increase the blood pressure, adds to the work of the kidneys in ridding the body of toxic substances, and increases retention of water in the body tissues, which may be a factor in overweight, headaches, sinusitis, deafness, hypertensive and congestive heart disease, toxemia of pregnancy, and increased thirst.

It is because of the thirst-producing property of salt that pretzels and beer go hand in hand. If the thirst created by salt encourages beer drinking, which it does, then free pretzels or salty foods are profit producers for the tavern keeper!

tryside, multiplied thousands of bribes, killings, and infractions began. If a local official became serious about stamping out the flower in his district, he might be met by a farmer army armed with sickles, pitchforks, and billhooks as he and his men would move toward a field containing the poppy. More often a quiet bribe kept both the official and his men indoors and blind to the fast-maturing flowers. As the opium acreage dropped, the price rose, and became a greater inducement to raise the drug. But high officials of the government had seen the clear handwriting on the wall—either win the opium battle, or the nation would become a serf of the world community. Although blood ran freely, the battle continued.

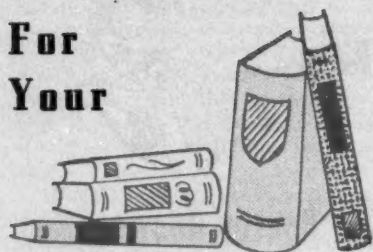
In 1910 the British government, impressed with the nation's brave struggle to rid herself of national addiction, agreed to curtail radically her policies,

and within a decade she completely cut off all opium imports. That helpful news sounded the needed note of victory in the battle.

How completely China has won her great battle against opium is probably known best only by the communists who now control the country. In the one remaining free Oriental port—Hong Kong—one can buy opium with about no trouble at all. Most observers, however, feel that Hong Kong is not a good gauge of what happens throughout the rest of China.

If the great opium menace in China did nothing else, it proved conclusively that even well-organized society must always concern itself with private bad habits. It showed clearly that all agencies of society must co-operate within the framework of common sense and good government to assure that bad habits do not become bad government.

For Your



Reading and Reference

Berton Roueché, **THE NEUTRAL SPIRIT, A PORTRAIT OF ALCOHOL**, Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960. \$3.50.

Much of this book appeared as a series of articles in *The New Yorker*. Especially valuable is the factual and historical material written in the inimitable style of this popular magazine.

Claiming that alcohol and its effects are "most abysmally misunderstood," Roueché sets about to remedy the situation.

The book is not objective. Few books in this field are. It has been said that alcohol is one subject on which it is impossible to write objectively, since any author either denounces or defends.

Choosing to entitle his first section "The Christian Diversion," the author promptly shows that drinking was embedded in primitive and pagan cultures having nothing to do with Christianity. Indeed, Christian nations today do not enhance their influence in the world or smooth international relations by their persistent promoting of the disgusting specter of the cocktail habit.

Roueché concludes on a seemingly wistful note that he wishes it possible to drink and still not suffer any ill effects, some of which are inevitable to all drinkers:

"There is no reliable remedy for alcoholism itself. It is, and will probably remain for many years to come, an incurable disease. Experience has shown, however, that it is not a hopeless one. With the help of time and sympathetic counsel, some victims manage to break its grip. They cease to drink. But its grip can only be broken. It cannot be merely relaxed."—Page 142.

A program of "prevention" is suggested, but prevention in the mind of this author is that which will continue the present dreary round which is responsible for at least 250,000 new alcoholics a year in the United States alone. Hardly prevention!

HEEL TO HERO

(Continued from page 16)

On this night we had been to a family get-together. The men gathered in the kitchen, and had a few drinks. At first I felt confused about the incident, but after my brain cleared some, I felt worse!

When we went home Roger faced me squarely, saying, "You won't get me to go anywhere any more with you! Or mother, either, if I can stop her!" Then he added, "I hope you know now why we don't like to go out in the car with you any more!"

Tillie tried to hush him, and said, "Dad's in no condition to be reasoned with now, son." I thought she was poisoning his mind against me when she said such things; but now, remembering again the terror in his voice when we crossed that bridge and the agony in Tillie's, it brought me up with a start!

Suddenly I realized the truth! I was the one poisoning both their minds against me! And it took a near tragedy to make me see it!

This night climaxed about twenty-five years of drinking for me. I started out moderately enough, with just a drink with the fellows when I left Tillie with the kids to go to the coast to fish. I was just a social drinker then. Now I realized Tillie had been right, that for many years it had been growing on me, and I hadn't been willing to face up to the fact.

So I stopped short! I haven't had a drink of any alcoholic beverage since. I knew, after the useless and fruitless promises I had broken, that the only way to stop was short—abruptly!

Now I've regained my own self-respect and that of my family, and I have found again the happiness I lost more years ago than I care to remember. Ours is now a happy Christian home, and we all go to church together. Now I uphold my family instead of holding them back.

For a long time I continued to drink in my dreams! I dreamed of going down a street where the stuff was sold, and of stopping and getting it—feeling like a heel, all the time! And each time I awakened from such a dream, I was so grateful that it was only a dream. I was thankful for divine help and strength to pass such places by in my waking hours.

God can help *you*, too, if you'll just let Him and accept His help! If I can do it, anyone can. Incidentally, I found after I quit drinking that I was saving about \$10 a week!

ALCOHOL IN THE BODY

(Continued from page 11)

Alcohol belongs to a group of toxic chemicals which adversely affect the body. For instance, ether is a poison which has to be handled carefully. A person under an ether anesthetic is essentially under the same kind of anesthetic as one who is drunk from alcohol. The intoxicated person is ready for surgery. If a surgeon found it necessary to operate on him, he could proceed, for the man would be sufficiently relaxed to permit surgery.

It is true that before ether was known as a controllable anesthetic, alcohol was used for the surgical patient. By putting him heavily under with alcohol, the physician could operate with much greater ease. But ether is a much better anesthetic, although the effect on the human body is much the same as that of alcohol.

How does alcohol affect the body?

The first part of the nervous system affected by alcohol is the brain, and specifically that part of the brain which has to do with judgment, discretion, tact, and inhibitions. This area distinguishes man from the lower orders of animal life. These functions of the human mind seem to be controlled from a separate portion of the brain.

The second area of the brain affected controls one's reactions and co-ordination, the ability to make one's muscles work together to produce consistent action. The movements of the body are dependent upon nerve control, nerve directives, and muscular control from a control center of the brain.

The heat, circulatory, and breathing control centers are the final, and most stubborn, to weaken. For example, if a person is put under with ether, he immediately becomes confused, and loses his judgment and inhibitions. Then he becomes limp. At this stage he may be operated on, since there is no resistance to the surgeon's manipulations.

However, in this low stage there is great danger. For instance, if the anesthetist wants complete relaxation, he knows that the patient will be in the danger zone. At this stage the vital control centers may collapse, breathing may stop, the heart may stop, and other centers will be affected. These are warnings to the anesthetist indicating that the patient is in danger. The surgeon who has seen his patient stop breathing on the operating table is not soon going to forget it.

Why is this discussed in connection with beverage alcohol? When the blood concentration of alcohol in a person is

(Turn to page 34.)

When Fall Arrives

Elizabeth Wakefield

Oh, somehow when the oaks turn red,
And yellow's mixed with brown,
When from the shrubs, all looking dead,
The leaves come drifting down,
I'm led to seek a marsh expanse
Where hollow reed abounds,
Where cattails stanchly take their stance
O'er marshy muskrat mounds.

Here is where the blackbirds sing
The music of the fall;
This is where they bob and swing
On reeds and grasses tall.
Out there the wildling poplars
So carefree seems to be;
The quail and pheasant have a place
To feed so leisurely.

The lazy, dusky atmosphere,
Where fine-thread cobwebs sail,
Induces me to linger near
To view a sky that's pale,
To me the touch and smell of fall
Brings quietness of soul,
My cares? I drop them one and all
For peace of mind—my goal.

Fly High

Eddie Jay

When autumn leaves begin to fall
And wending geese begin to call,
I'd like to fly away from things.
I'd do it, too—if I had wings.

New Day

Margaret Neel

When morning comes, night-cleansed and new,
Sparkling with sunbeams, damp with dew,
I feel reborn, soul shining, too.

To mend the shreds of yesterday,
To bring back blessings gone astray,
I'm grateful for a brand-new day.

Release

Thelma Ireland

Whenever I take pen in hand,
My mind is bound with fetters,
But I remember all the vows
When I have sealed the letters.

Autumn Tapestries

E. J. Ritter, Jr.

Upon the loom of my heart
I'm weaving gay tapestries
Of autumn beauty that must depart
From all the hills and valleys:

Crimson and yellow robes,
In the orchards swinging;
Against the sky's blue robes
A wedge of wild geese winging.

A harvest moon riding the night;
The flame that maples wear;
And the dogwoods' ruby light;
Asters bluing fields here and there.

Oh, how wonderful to know
That I am boarding everything,
Against winter gloom, cold, and snow,
That golden autumn doth bring.

By-Product

Emily May Young

People pray for a lasting peace,
And look for the messenger dove;
But do they stop to consider
That peace is a product of love?

Warmth

Helen Sue Isely

Even the hard rock,
Even the frozen soil,
Absorbs the sun's warmth.

POEMS WITH A PURPOSE

by "Listen" Authors

ALCOHOL IN THE BODY

(Continued from page 32)

in the range between .01 per cent and .10 per cent of alcohol, mental and intelligence processes begin to disappear. In this range of percentages there occurs definite evidence of confusion, with loss of tact and discretion.

At some place between .1 and .2 per cent of alcohol concentration, the reaction time, co-ordination, and muscular activity undergo marked change. Co-ordination is an intricate and complicated function. When a person is walking forward, his muscles must act in co-ordination to produce useful action. When such co-ordination is impaired, the result is a staggering gait.

Any person who has .3 per cent of alcohol in his blood stream is usually absolutely "out." He is completely unconscious, thought processes and responses being entirely stopped.

Then at .4 per cent, or between .4 and .5, the drinker is in real danger, for many people die at that level. It is a fact that the person with this much alcohol concentration in his blood is either dead or nearly dead, and at .5 is dead.

Such a concentration of alcohol in the blood can result from the drinking of any alcoholic beverage, the time needed to develop it depending, of course, on the alcohol content of the beverage used. It is true that 3 or 4 per cent beer can raise the blood concentration to the danger level if enough is drunk.

When I was in South America not long ago, my plane landed at the Cochabamba airport on the Amazon side

of the mountains. As it landed, word came in from Santa Rosa that a DC-3 had crashed, killing sixteen people. As a result, the people at the airport in Cochabamba were much disturbed. The following day I was going out again. And as I came to the airport I learned that another plane had crashed near Cochabamba. I asked the airport manager, "Why are so many crashes taking place this way? You can hardly crash a DC-3; it is the safest plane built. Why should it crash?"

He answered, "This is the wedding season of the year, and the pilots had been to a wedding." That was all the explanation needed—the pilots had been to a wedding, where they had drunk enough alcohol to slow up their reaction time.

There is a considerable difference in the reaction time of individuals. The hard worker who is also a heavy drinker will show the effect of alcohol much more slowly than the nondrinker who takes a drink for experimental purposes.

No matter what kind of poison a person may take repeatedly, his body has a way of building up tolerance to it. This means that the body has the ability to adjust to more poison.

The question, Is alcohol a stimulant? often comes up. Why is it that upon drinking, a person may suddenly begin talking loudly and happily and perhaps with eloquence? His inhibitions have been removed. In other words, the clamps have been taken off, and he boils over. Now, because he does that, observers may think that alcohol is stimulating. It is really the result of removing the control mechanisms in the body, and letting a person's emotions

and processes go wild. Therefore, it looks as though he has been stimulated.

In driving a car in most states a person is not considered intoxicated until he has .15 per cent alcohol in his blood; but now there is a movement on throughout the nation to get this lowered to at most .10. At the National Safety Congress in Chicago, the Commission on Alcohol and Drugs voted to recommend a lowering of the level to .10 per cent. The American Medical Association has not voted it yet, although there is considerable acceptance in this organization to go along with the .10 per cent level. However, a blood-alcohol concentration of even .10 per cent is still dangerous for a driver.

Alcohol in the blood not only has an effect on man's reflexes, but it also affects the circulatory system of the body. As alcohol is a depressant, it has a decided effect on muscular tone, endangering control. The strength or tone of the blood vessels is controlled by the muscle layers in the vessel walls. If that muscle strength or tone is depressed as in alcoholic intoxication, there is a dilation of the blood vessels, particularly those on the periphery of the body. At this stage blood flows out into these blood vessels and affects the skin, causing it to take on a reddish glow. This is the reason the nose glows when people have had too much alcohol, as does the skin on the whole body.

The drinker may think he is getting warm, but actually he is robbing blood from the vital organs of the body to pour it out into the periphery, under the skin. The interior organs then lose their maximum effectiveness and function, and the blood taken out to the periphery is immediately cooled by exposure to the air. That is a little-understood effect. Some people may think they are saving themselves from freezing by taking alcohol, whereas they are actually putting themselves into a more dangerous situation.

In order to find out how much alcohol a person has in his blood, police departments use various tests, such as reaction time, the light test, and a synthetic driving test which has been developed. It is well for us to understand the body mechanics on which these are all based. If we understand this action, it helps us to evaluate these tests more accurately.

We see the practical working out of this on the highways, in the air, and in the factory—all situations in which reaction time, judgment, and related processes are significant. Further effects of alcohol on the human body that make these tests meaningful will be the subject of another article in the next issue of *Listen*.

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OPINIONS



Liquor Allowance

Speaking against attempts to raise United States diplomats' "representation allowance," otherwise known as the "booze fund," Senator Olin D. Johnston, of South Carolina, stated: "I have never heard of the United States influencing anyone to our benefit as a result of feeding him liquor with which to become inebriated. There is no way of telling how many people with good minds came to Washington and, taken in by the drinking circuit, eventually left town broken, senseless, and in ill repute. If Congress does not halt appropriations for liquor purchase, then the Congress will have on its hands whatever problems result from the pitiful, blurry-eyed, fuzzy-headed wrecks that result from this practice."

Heroin Easier to Shake

"From our studies of addicts who have discontinued the use of narcotic drugs and abstained from them for long periods, we are of the opinion that it is relatively easier for most addicts to discontinue the use of heroin than for most alcoholics to discontinue the use of alcohol."—George H. Stevenson, M.D., Vancouver, British Columbia.

"Terrible Way" to Entertain

"I refuse to invite guests over merely for drinks. That's a terrible way to entertain. When we were in Sweden recently I remember a friend remarking to us, 'You Americans, you must never eat. My husband just returned from a trip to your country, and all any of the hosts ever did was give cocktail parties.'"—Mrs. Robert Stanton, Carmel Valley, California, party editor of *House Beautiful* magazine.

Addicted Babies

Narcotics withdrawal symptoms in newborn babies of addicted mothers is a more frequent problem than is commonly recognized, states Dr. Russell J. Blattner, chairman of pediatrics at Baylor University.

"Eighty per cent of these babies will die if their symptoms are not recognized and treated immediately upon birth. Preferred treatment is by sedatives for a period of a week to ten days following birth."

Dr. Blattner recommends that the pregnant addict should remain on narcotics during pregnancy so as not to disturb

the baby. "If the addicted mother-to-be is taken off narcotics before her baby is born, the baby may develop severe withdrawal symptoms such as extreme restlessness, which may lead to serious complications and to the unborn infant's death before birth," he states.

Only Guarantee

"Drinking in moderation is not scientific. The only factual or scientific guarantee against alcoholism is total abstinence. The only factual or scientific guarantee against alcoholism as a vice and disease and the only guarantee against alcoholism as a cause of accidents and human misery is total abstinence. There is no way to discover an alcoholic until he is an alcoholic. There is no cure for alcoholism except total abstinence. About 70 per cent of chronic alcoholics start drinking as teen-agers."—Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, distinguished professor of physiology and head of the department of clinical science, University of Illinois.

In No Sense a True Stimulant

"The narcotic—whether it be morphine, heroin, alcohol—benumbs higher brain centers, dulls conscience, impairs judgment. Free from these controls, the user is likely to do something which will bring shame and sorrow to his family, his friends, or himself.

"Alcohol never acts as a true stimulant to the brain, the spinal cord, or the nerves. Scientific study has proved that alcohol is in no sense a true stimulant to the circulation. It does not enable a person to work out a difficult problem. It does not give a person courage

to face up to danger. It does not help one to ward off fatigue or exhaustion."—Dr. William Brady, medical author.

Most Precious Thing

"The upsurge in traffic fatalities is a challenge to our material and spiritual resources. It causes us to pause and wonder whether or not, as a civilized people, drunk with machine power, we have lost sight of the cardinal principle that, after all, human life is the most precious thing on this earth, and that the highest and most sacred duty we owe as citizens is the preservation of human life through an organized society."—Hon. Alfred P. Murrah, U.S. Court of Appeals, Oklahoma City.

"Now I'm Sorry!"

"I taught the French to give cocktail parties in the early '20's. Now I'm sorry. I don't drink, you know."

Elsa Maxwell,
famed party giver



MEDICAL EDUCATOR

**Dr. Juan Sanchez Salcedo, Jr.
of the Philippine Islands**

NEWLY established in the Philippine Islands is the Institute of Scientific Studies for the Prevention of Alcoholism, another in the growing chain of such Institutes around the world.

Chosen as chairman of its board of directors is one of the most illustrious professional and medical leaders in all the island republic, Dr. Juan Sanchez Salcedo, Jr.

At present he is dean of the college of medicine at the Ramon Magsaysay Memorial Medical Center, also president of the Philippine Nutrition Foundation and of the Science Foundation of the Philippines, and chairman of the National Research Council, along with other positions of responsibility.

This versatile medical educator has in the past served in such capacities as dean of the graduate school of the University of the Philippines, secretary of health for the republic, director of public welfare, president of the Fifth World Health Assembly, chairman of the Philippine National Red Cross, and president of the national medical association. He has authored some seventy works on biochemistry, health, nutrition, and allied sciences.

In addition to this varied and distinguished background of achievement, Dr. Salcedo is now also making a significant contribution in the educational effort being carried on by the International Commission for the Prevention of Alcoholism around the world and sponsored by the Philippine National Committee under the aggressive leadership of General Basilio J. Valdes.

